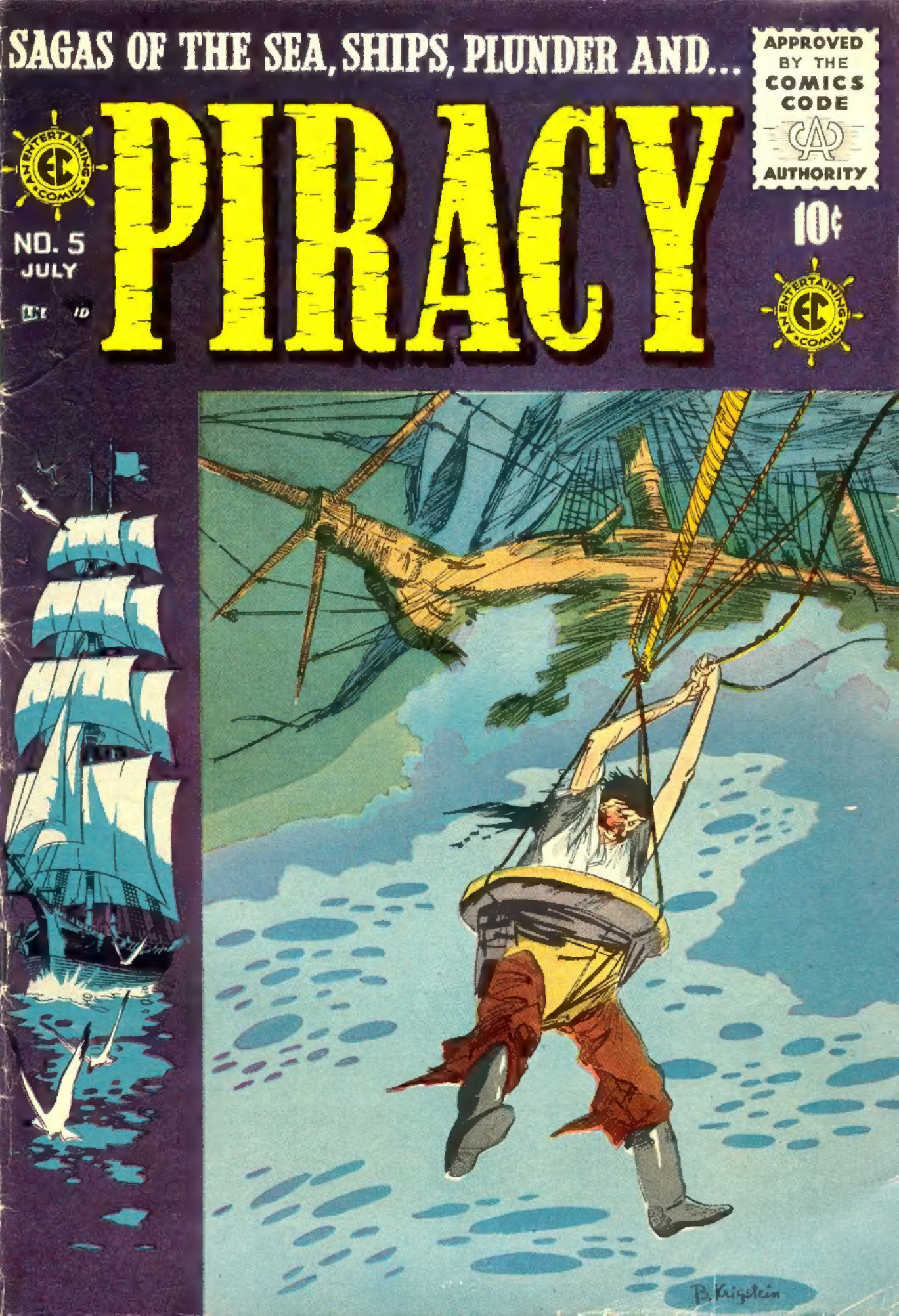
SAGAS OF THE SEA, SHIPS, PLUNDER AND...

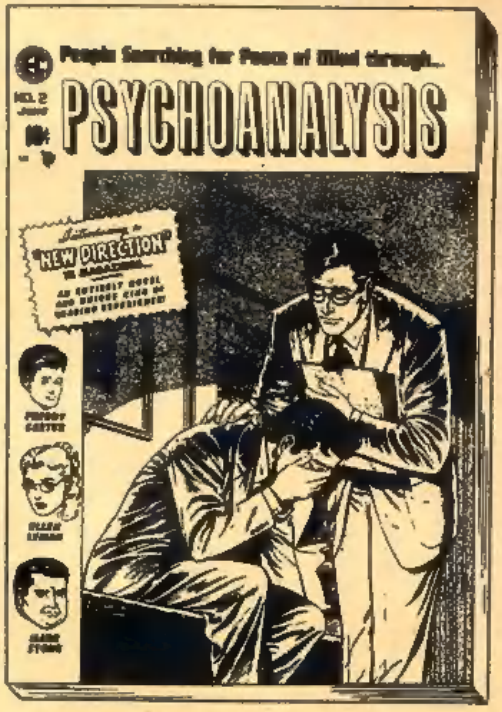
PIRACY



E.C.'S "NEW DIRECTION"

ONE-TWO-PUNCH MAGS!

A LEFT TO THE BODY... AND A RIGHT TO THE HEAD!



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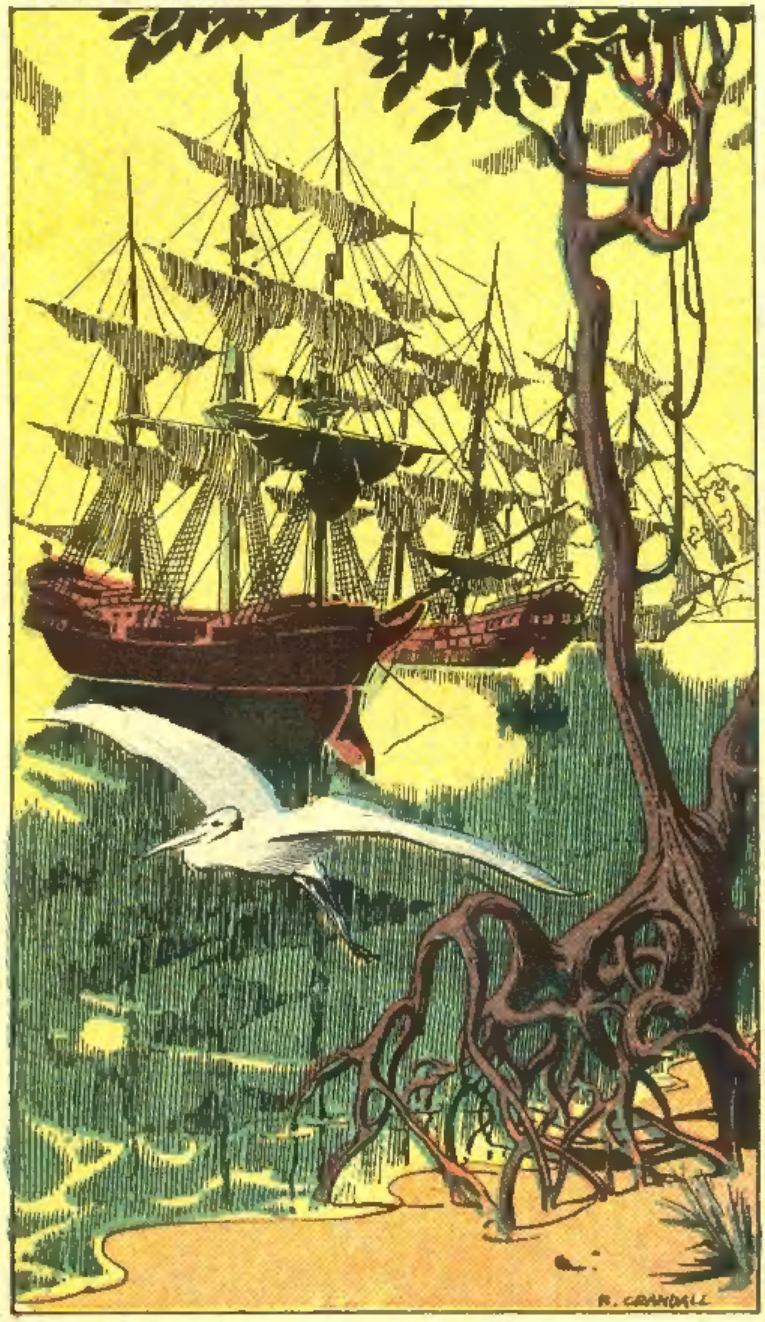
Scan by Fett !!

JEAN LAFITTE

HIS PAST VEILED IN MYSTERY AND CLOAKED IN VAGUE AND SHADOWED RUMORS, JEAN LAFITTE RULED HIS PIRATE KINGDOM WITH THE ABSOLUTE POWER OF AN ORIENTAL POTENTATE. HIS SUBJECTS WERE SWASHBUCKLING SEA ROVERS, THE SWEEPINGS OF MANY NATIONS. HIS DOMAIN WAS *BARATARIA*, AN ISLAND OFF THE COAST OF LOUISIANA NEAR NEW ORLEANS. ONE DAY, THE ISLAND HAD BEEN A DESERTED FOG-BLANKETED NO MAN'S LAND. THE NEXT DAY, AS THE FOG LIFTED, THERE'D BEEN THREE SHIPS ANCHORED IN IT'S COVE. LAFITTE HAD COME OUT OF NOWHERE. . . OUT OF MIST AND SHADOW . . . SUDDENLY. . . MYSTERIOUSLY. . . TO CLAIM *BARATARIA* FOR HIS HEADQUARTERS. . .



NOTHING WAS KNOWN OF THIS PHANTOM FIGURE WHO'D APPEARED OUT OF THE MORNING MIST. BUT HE SOON EARNED AN INFAMOUS REPUTATION AS A PLUNDERER OF SHIPPING IN THE GULF OF MEXICO AND THE CARRIBEAN. THEN CAME THE WAR OF 1812. ONE WINTER AFTERNOON IN DECEMBER, 1814, A BRITISH FRIGATE WAS ANCHORED OFF *BARATARIA*. TWO OF LAFITTE'S TRUSTED LIEUTENANTS STOOD IN WORRIED CONFERENCE OUTSIDE THE LAVISH HOUSE HE'D BUILT FOR HIMSELF. . .

SMOULDERING HATRED BURNED IN THE EYES OF THE TWO PIRATES AS THE BRITISH OFFICERS WALKED STIFFLY BY THEM...

DOMINIQUE! WILLIAMS! COME IN HERE...

HE CALLS! FOR THE FIRST TIME IN ALL THESE YEARS, I FEEL ASHAMED IN MY HEART TO SERVE UNDER JEAN LAFITTE!

THE AMERICAN, WILLIAMS, AND THE FRENCHMAN, DOMINIQUE, WHO HAD BEEN NAPOLEON'S CANNONEER, FACED THEIR LEADER ON THE GREAT PORCH OF LAFITTE'S HOUSE. THEY STOOD SILENT, BUT THEIR EYES SPOKE FOR THEM, REFLECTING THEIR CONCEALED CONTEMPT...

WELL?! WHAT IS IT? COME ON, LADS! SPEAK! OUT WITH IT!

ALL RIGHT, JEAN! IT IS BEST TO CLEAR THE AIR. I HAVE FOLLOWED YOU FOR TEN YEARS, AND WILLIAMS, HERE, FOR SIX. WE ARE YOUR OLDEST FRIENDS! BUT IT IS OVER, JEAN! WE ARE LEAVING!

WHAT?! DID YOU STAND IN THE SUN TOO LONG, DOMINIQUE? PERHAPS THE SPANISH WINE FROM THE LAST MERCHANTMAN WAS TOO STRONG? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

I'LL SAY IT! WE KNOW THE BRITISH MEAN TO ATTACK NEW ORLEANS... AND THAT YOU'VE MADE A DEAL WITH THEM! WELL, I'VE DONE SOME LOW THINGS IN MY TIME, BUT I WON'T GO AGAINST MY COUNTRYMEN FOR THE LOBSTER-BACKS!

AND I AM STILL A FRENCHMAN! PERHAPS YOU HAVE FORGOTTEN YOUR OWN HERITAGE, LAFITTE, BUT NOT I! I FOUGHT WITH NAPOLEON AND I CANNOT ALLY MYSELF WITH AN ENEMY OF FRANCE! IT IS TREASON ... AND YOU ARE A TRAITOR...

BLACK ANGER CONTORTED LAFITTE'S FACE. HIS COLD BLUE EYES GLINTED LIKE THE COLD STEEL OF THE GUN WHICH FLASHED IN HIS HAND. AS WILLIAMS' FINGER CURLED AROUND THE IVORY BUTT OF THE PISTOL IN HIS BELT, A LEAN, RANGY MAN APPEARED IN THE DOORWAY...

TRAITOR!? NO MAN CAN CALL ME THAT..

BETTER PUT DOWN THAT GUN, LAFITTE, OR..

GENTS! Y'ALL OUGHT T'SIMMER DOWN! I'D HATE T' HAVE T' PULL THIS TRIGGER...

FOR AN ETERNAL MOMENT, NO ONE MOVED. THEN, LAFITTE SHEATHED HIS KNIFE, WILLIAMS' HAND DROPPED FROM HIS PISTOL, AND DOMINIQUE SIGHED IN RELIEF.

I AM SORRY, CAPTAIN LAWRENCE! I DO NOT LIKE THE WORD TRAITOR! ESPECIALLY WHEN IT IS ADDRESSED TO ME! ANGER DROVE AWAY REASON!

JEAN! WHO IS THIS MAN! HE'S AN AMERICAN BY HIS VOICE...

LAFITTE TURNED TO HIS TWO FRIENDS AND SMILED...

CAPTAIN LAWRENCE IS AN EMISSARY OF *GENERAL ANDREW JACKSON* WHO COMMANDS THE AMERICAN TROOPS IN NEW ORLEANS! THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT WILL GRANT US *AMNESTY* IF WE FIGHT ON *THEIR SIDE!* WHAT DO YOU *THINK?*

THERE IS NO *QUESTION*, JEAN! *OF COURSE...*

I AM *FOR IT!*

AND SO AM I! THE BRITISH OFFERED ME A COMMISSION IN THE ROYAL NAVY AND 30,000 POUNDS IF I'D SERVE THEM...BUT MY HEART WASN'T IN IT! 30,000 POUNDS IS A *POOR PRICE* TO PAY FOR A MAN'S *HONOR!*

CAPTAIN LAWRENCE WAS HIDDEN IN THE *CLOSET* WHILE I NEGOTIATED WITH THEM. HE *HEARD* ME TURN THEM DOWN. *SO*, BOYS ...WE FIGHT UNDER *GENERAL JACKSON*... AND, BY STRIKING A BLOW AGAINST THE *BRITISH*, ERASE THE *BAD REPUTATIONS* WE'VE EARNED FOR OURSELVES IN THESE PARTS! *EH?*

THUS, A FEW DAYS LATER, LAFITTE'S PIRATE BAND JOINED THE DEFENDERS OF NEW ORLEANS. SINCE JACKSON'S NEED WAS FOR SKILLED GUNNERS, THE BUCANEER FORCE WAS ASSIGNED TO THE ARTILLERY POST ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CITY. IN THE PRE-DAWN MIST, THEY WAITED ON THE BEACH...

DO YOU THINK THE LOBSTERBACKS WILL *COME SOON*, DOMINIQUE?

OUI! THEY WILL COME! I FEEL IT IN MY *BONES!* AN OLD WARHORSE LIKE ME IS *NEVER WRONG!* THEY'LL COME AND OUR WORK WILL BE *LONG* AND *BLOODY!*

DOMINIQUE, I HAVE BEEN YOUR FRIEND FOR A *LONG TIME!* IN AN HOUR OR A DAY WE MAY *DIE IN BATTLE!* I DO NOT ASK PERSONAL QUESTIONS OF *ANY* MAN, BUT... I *MUST* KNOW! *WHO IS LAFITTE... REALLY?*

YOUR QUESTION HAS *NO ANSWER*, WILLIAMS. EVEN *I* DO NOT KNOW! I MET LAFITTE IN BARBADOES. HE HAD A SHIP AND HE NEEDED A GUNNER, NO QUESTIONS ASKED. I'D LEFT FRANCE BECAUSE I'D KILLED A MAN IN A DUEL OVER A GIRL, SO I JOINED HIM!

THERE ARE *MANY* STORIES ABOUT LAFITTE. SOME SAY HE IS A *FRENCH NOBLEMAN*... SOME THAT HE IS AN *ESCAPED MURDERER!* NO ONE *KNOWS!* NOR DOES ANYONE KNOW HIS *REAL NAME!* HE CAME OUT OF *NOWHERE*...OUT OF THE *SHADOWS*...AND PERHAPS THE TRUTH WILL *NEVER* BE TOLD!

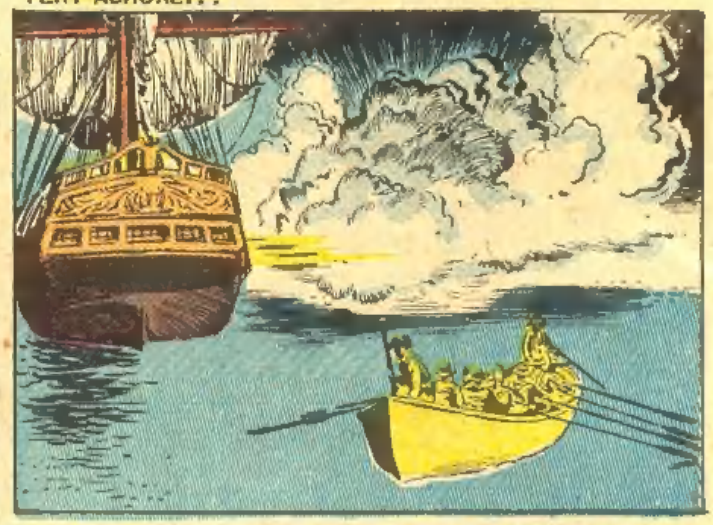
IS EVERYTHING *READY*, DOMINIQUE?

OUI, JEAN! WHENEVER THEY COME, WE WILL BE WAITING, AND THE RECEPTION WILL BE A *WARM ONE!*

WELL, YOU HAVE NOT *LONG* TO WAIT! THE PARTY IS ABOUT TO *BEGIN!* LOOK ...*OUT ON THE GULF!*

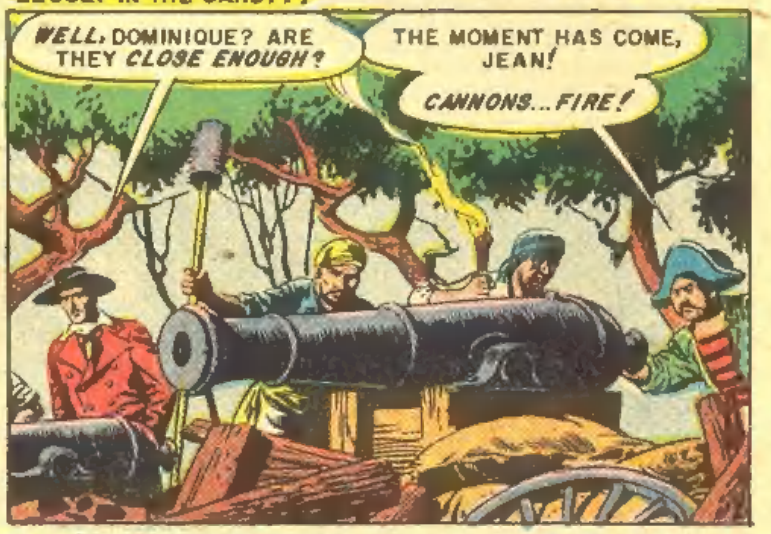
A BRISK WIND CAME UP WITH THE SUN. THE DAMP GREY MIST THAT HAD HUNG LIKE A VEIL DISPERSED. THERE, OFF SHORE, WAS A FLEET OF BRITISH MEN-O'-WAR, AWESOME IN THE FIERCE SWEEP OF CANNON WHICH PEERED THROUGH THEIR OPEN GUN-PORTS...

FOR A TIME, THERE WAS HEAVY SILENCE. ONLY THE BREEZE IN THE SHROUDS AND THE JANGLE OF EQUIPMENT AS BRITISH GRENADIERS CLIMBED INTO LONGBOATS BROKE THE STILLNESS. THEN, FROM THE FLAGSHIP, CAME THE SHRILL NOTES OF A BUGLE. MATCHES FLARED AND 25 POUNDERS ROARED FIRE AND SMOKE AS THE WHOLE FLOTILLA POURED ITS BROADSIDE ONTO THE DEFENSE BATTERY ASHORE...

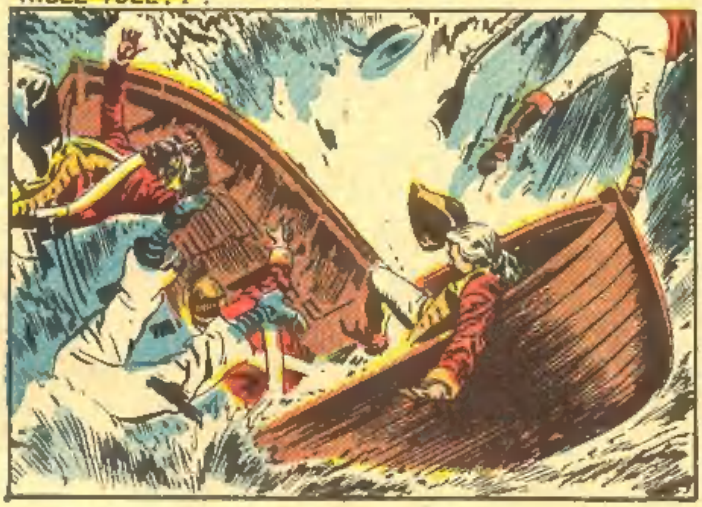


THE BOMBARDMENT TURNED THE PLEASANT BEACH INTO A MAELSTROM OF FURY. SHELL BURSTS THREW UP FOUNTAINS OF SAND, AND BITS OF STEEL WHISTLED THROUGH THE AIR...

FUSILLADE AFTER FUSILLADE WAS POURED INTO THE DEFENSE POSITIONS, BUT THE AMERICANS WERE WELL-DUG-IN AND MOST OF THE SHELLS BURIED THEMSELVES HARMLESSLY IN THE SAND...



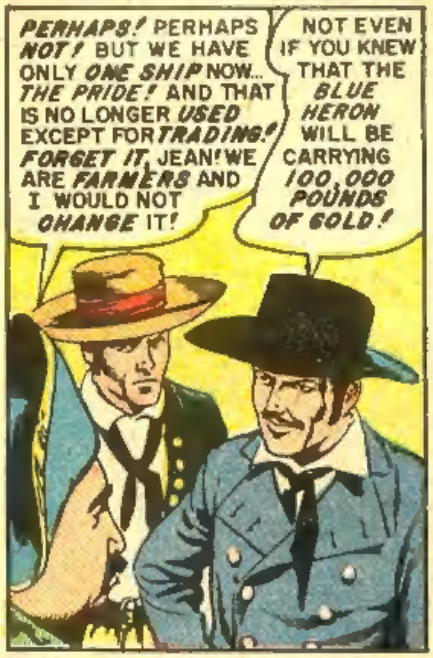
HAWK-EYED DOMINIQUE CALLED ON ALL HIS SKILL AS A CANNONEER. HE RUSHED FROM GUN TO GUN, PERSONALLY SIGHTING EACH WEAPON AS THE PIRATE CANNONS POURED HAVOC INTO THE ONCOMING LONGBOATS, TAKING A TERRIBLE TOLL...



FOR HOURS, THE CARNAGE CONTINUED. LINE AFTER LINE OF BRITISH GRENADIERS MARCHED UPON THE BREASTWORKS, ONLY TO FALL UNDER THE GALLING FIRE OF CANNON AND MUSKET...

AT LAST THE BATTLE ENDED. THE INVASION OF NEW ORLEANS HAD BEEN SMASHED! IT WAS A COMPLETE DEFEAT FOR THE BRITISH. THE BATTERED REMNANTS OF THEIR FLEET SAILED AWAY...

LAFITTE AND HIS MEN, AS HAD BEEN PROMISED, WERE GRANTED AMNESTY. THEY WERE WELCOME TO STROLL THE DOCKS OF NEW ORLEANS AS FREE MEN, FETED BY THE GRATEFUL PEOPLE OF THE CITY. AND THUS, THE MONTHS PASSED...UNTIL...



LAFITTE'S EYES BURNED. HE SWUNG ANGRILY, CATCHING WILLIAMS ACROSS THE JAW...

LAFITTE STOOD OVER THE FALLEN WILLIAMS...

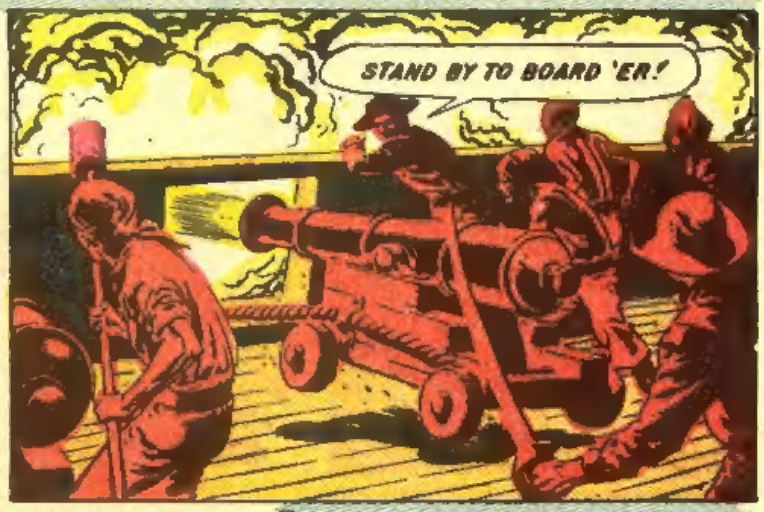
LAFITTE TURNED AND STRODE OFF! DOMINIQUE SHRUGGED AND HURRIED AFTER HIM. AFTER ALL THESE YEARS... WILLIAMS...GONE! WHILE THEY WERE ON THEIR WAY TO *BARATARIA*...

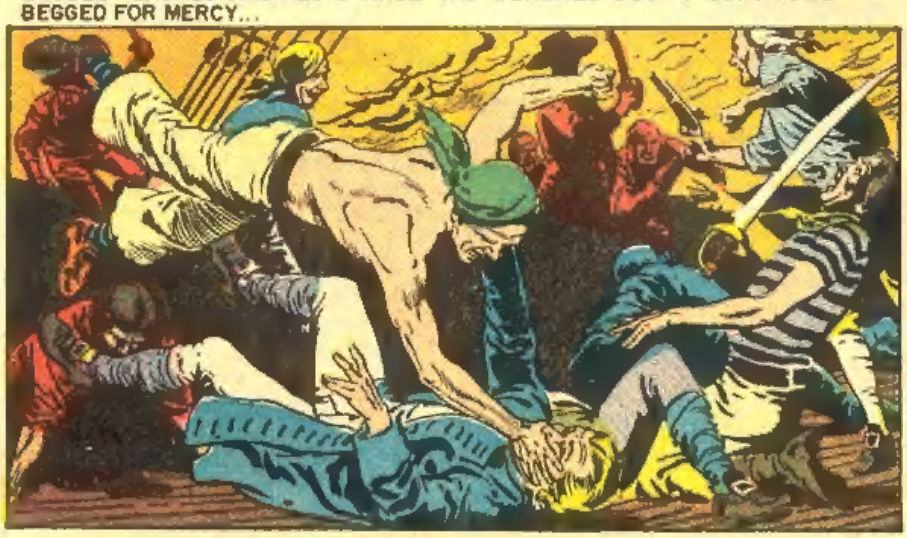
THE UNITED STATES BECAME MORE IMPORTANT TO HIM THAN WE DID! MEN LIKE *US* CANNOT GIVE OUR ALLEGIANCE TO *ANY* FLAG BUT THE "JOLLY ROGER"! WE ARE MEN WITHOUT A *COUNTRY*...

AS THE TRUTH OF LAFITTE'S STATEMENT SANK HOME, TEARS GLISTENED IN DOMINIQUE'S EYES...
OUI... MEN WITHOUT A COUNTRY! OH, FRANCE... MY FRANCE...
I *ACCEPTED* THE AMERICAN AMNESTY ONLY TO *LULL* THEM... TO MAKE THEM THINK I WAS *THROUGH* WITH PIRACY! NOW, THEIR VIGILANCE HAS *EASED*, AND WE CAN GET TO *WORK* AGAIN...

TWO DAYS PASSED AND THE *BLUE HERON* SAILED FOR ITS DESTINATION... CUBA. BUT AS IT PLOWED THE SMOOTH, SEMI-TROPICAL WATERS, A SWIFT SCHOONER, *THE PRIDE*, FLYING THE BLACK FLAG OF PIRACY FROM ITS MAINMAST-HEAD, SWOOPED DOWN UPON THE UNSUSPECTING MERCHANTMAN...

THE BUCCANEERS, EAGER FOR THE EVIL WORK AT HAND, WERE TENSE AND READY. EVERY GUNNER WAS AT HIS POST, EYES RIVETED ON THE QUARTERDECK, WHERE DOMINIQUE STOOD BESIDE JEAN LAFITTE, READY TO GIVE THE SIGNAL...
NOW, DOMINIQUE?
OUI! THE RANGE IS RIGHT! *NOW!*


SUDDENLY THE *BLUE HERON* BECAME A SHAMBLES AS GRAPE SHOT, CHAIN SHOT, AND CANNISTER RACKED HER DECKS. DEATH AND DESTRUCTION STRUCK WITH OVERWHELMING FORCE...
STAND BY TO BOARD 'ER!


THE PRIDE CLOSED IN. THE PIRATES STORMED THE CRIPPLED SHIP. CUTLASSES FLASHED AND RESISTANCE WAS SLASHED DOWN. SURVIVORS BEGGED FOR MERCY...

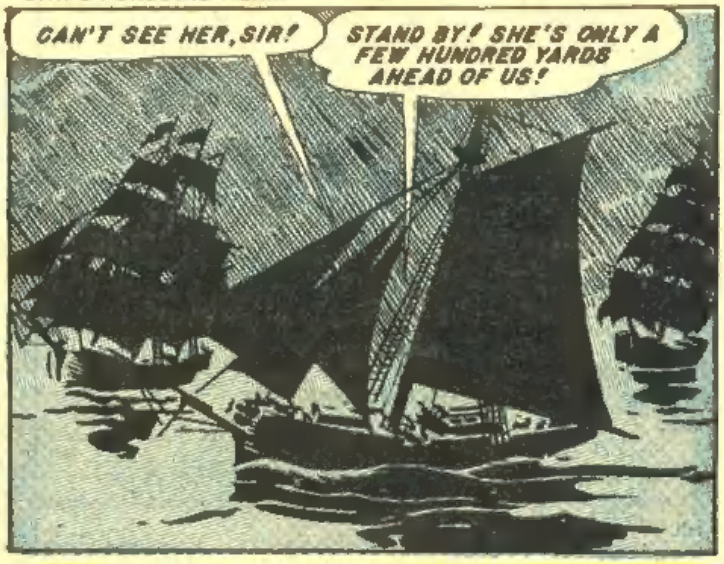
BUT THE FLINT STEEL HEART OF JEAN LAFITTE DID NOT KNOW THE MEANING OF MERCY. NOT ONE SURVIVOR WAS LEFT ALIVE...

THUS, LIKE A DEADLY PLAGUE, DID JEAN LAFITTE DESCEND ONCE AGAIN UPON THE SHIPPING IN THE GULF. HIS ORDERS WERE "NO QUARTER!" AND SO, NO QUARTER WAS GIVEN. HE RAN DOWN AND PLUNDERED EVERY SHIP THAT CROSSED *THE PRIDE'S* PATH. SOON THE VERY NAME OF LAFITTE STRUCK TERROR INTO EVERY HEART ALONG THE LOUISIANA COAST...

FOR MORE THAN TWO YEARS HIS RAVAGES CONTINUED. UNITS OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY SCOURED THE BAYOUS AND INLETS OF THE GULF COAST, SEARCHING FOR HIM. THEIR CEASELESS PATROLLING GRADUALLY DREW A NET AROUND LAFITTE UNTIL ...ONE DAY...

SLOWLY, THE NAVY SHIPS PULLED CLOSER WITH THE SLOOPS RACING AHEAD INTO CANNON RANGE...

A STRANGE MIST DESCENDED ON *THE PRIDE* AND THE NAVY SHIPS PURSUING HER...



AND THEN, JUST AS STRANGELY, A SUDDEN SHIFT IN WIND LIFTED THE FOG BLANKET...

THE PRIDE HAD DISAPPEARED AND WITH HER, HER PIRATE CREW. NO TRACE...NOT EVEN THE FAINTEST CLUE, WAS EVER UNCOVERED TO GIVE THE SLIGHTEST INKLING TO JEAN LAFITTE'S BEGINNING...OR TO HIS FATE! HE *WENT* AS HE'D *COME*... *SUDDENLY*... *MYSTERIOUSLY*...IN *MIST* AND *SHADOW*...

SCUTTLEBUTT

Dear Editors,
I think "Piracy" is one of the best magazines about the sea I have ever read. I congratulate you on your good work.

Gary Hogenson
Laurium, Mich.

. . . Your mag "Piracy" is every bit a real masterpiece. Thanks for a truly great dime's worth.

Jim Reardan
Beloit, Kansas

. . . Man, was I stunned. I felt like I'd just been "keel-hauled." If there is any mag that will be a big success, I'm sure this one will.

Richard Wynn
Baltimore, Md.

. . . Since reading "Piracy," I hate land so much, I haven't come out of the bathtub.

Stephen C. Monheimer
Philadelphia, Pa.

. . . I for one don't dig this "Piracy" stuff.

Evelyn Gold
Brooklyn, N. Y.

. . . I think you guys have come up with something good. Keep up the fine work.

Ron Hough
Baltimore, Md.

. . . All I can say about "Piracy" is: it's great, it's terrific, it's wonderful, it's . . . well, you know what I mean.

John Hayden
Valley Stream, N. Y.

. . . I think you've come up with another successful mag. I especially like the new cover design and the realistic illustration. The stories are the best I've found in any book about pirates and the sea.

Juan Ortiz
Brooklyn, N. Y.

. . . The stories are so exciting and adventurous, I just can't wait to turn the page. In my opinion, the five best stories of the first three issues are: "The Privateer," "Sea Food," "Blackbeard," "Nazi U-Boat," and "Slave Ship."

Michael Luch
Niagara Falls, N. Y.

. . . your new mag "Piracy" is the best in entertainment. "Nazi U-Boat" was the greatest.

Jack Wilkinson
Hamilton, Ont.

. . . My most hearty felicitations on your latest "Piracy," No. 3. I think it was one of the true masterpieces of comic book literature. I think E. C. mags are the best comics published.

Joseph P. Dudley
Brooklyn, N. Y.

. . . You guys really have the knack for writing real salt-wind yarns. I really did enjoy the first three issues and I'm looking forward to many more. Much success to you.

Jerry Hodge
Pacolet Mills

. . . Since your mag "Piracy" prints the real truth about the sea and sea-faring life, I'll tell you the real truth about your mag. It sales and sales.

Robert Gilbert
E. C. F. A. No. 20861
Norfolk, Va.

. . . The third issue of "Piracy" was the best yet.

Jerry Neuffer
Chicago, Ill.

. . . "Piracy" is another great E. C. wonder.

Billy Hoover
Manchester, Tenn.

. . . "Piracy" No. 3 was great. I vote "Slave Ship" best. "Mouse Trap" second. "Nazi U-Boat" third. "Blackbeard" fourth. And the texts last. Keep up the great work. We landlubbers lub your new mag.

John Townsley
Brooklyn, N. Y.

. . . Whatever happened to the votes on stories. How about 'em?

Ezra Keel

Well, how about 'em? Let's hear from you fans on whether you want to revive the old popularity poll on stories, or not. Write your criticisms, compliments, and suggestions to:

Seasick Editors
Room 706, Dept. 5
225 Lafayette St.
N.Y.C. 12, N.Y.

RAG DOLL

1810 SAW THE ATLANTIC A HUNTING GROUND FOR PIRATES. A SHIP NEEDED A DOCTOR ON BOARD IN THOSE DAYS... THAT IS IF THE BLACKHEARTED WRETCHES DIDN'T KILL EVERY LAST MAN OF HER CREW FIRST, INCLUDING THE DOCTOR! WELL, I WAS A SHIP'S PHYSICIAN THEN...ON THE *NORTHERN STAR*, A TRIM FOUR MASTER. I ENJOYED GOING TO SEA. I RAN INTO ADVENTURES I'D NEVER HAVE HAD IF I'D PRACTISED ASHORE. BUT I NEVER ENCOUNTERED AN INCIDENT STRANGER THAN THE ONE INVOLVING A TAR NAMED JONATHAN FLYNN. I'D SAILED WITH FLYNN BEFORE. I KNEW ALL ABOUT HIM...THE WAY ONLY A DOCTOR CAN GET TO KNOW A MAN. IT ALL STARTED ONE NIGHT, RIGHT AFTER EIGHT BELLS, WHEN THE BO'SUN, JIM ASHLEY, CAME BELOW TO WAKE FLYNN FOR THE MIDWATCH...

HUH? *WHA...?*

WELL, *I'LL BE BLOWED*... WILL YE LOOK AT THAT! I PULL THE BLANKET OFF'N FLYNN, AND *GUESS WHAT!* HE'S SLEEPIN' WITH A *RAG DOLL! Y'HEAR, BOYS? A RAG DOLL!*

AW, PIPE DOWN, ASHLEY! LET US GET SOME SLEEP...

SHUT YOUR HATCH, McCONNELL! I WANT T'HEAR THIS! DID YOU SAY FLYNN'S SLEEPIN' WITH A *RAG DOLL?*

G. INGELS

IN A MINUTE, IT WAS ALL AROUND THE FO'C'SLE. THE SLEEP CLEARED OUT OF THE EYES OF EVERY TIRED TAR DOWN THERE, INCLUDING JONATHAN FLYNN. THEY LEAPED FROM THEIR BUNKS AND CROWDED AROUND FLYNN... AND LAUGHED AND SNORTED AND STOMPED AND POINTED...

BY GUM! YOU'RE *RIGHT*, ASHLEY!

IT *IS* A RAG DOLL!

HAW, HAW!

LE'ME SEE!?

FLYNN WAS RED AS A BEET AND NEAR TEARS. HE SNATCHED THE DOLL FROM THE BO'SUN, STUFFED IT BACK INTO HIS SEA BAG, AND RAN FOR THE DECK, HIS MATES HOOTING AFTER HIM...

HE AIN'T GROWED *UP* YET! HE'S STILL A NURSIN' *BABE!*

SEE 'IM *RUN!* A MAN THAT'D PLAY WITH A *RAG DOLL* AIN'T GOT THE *GUTS* TO STAY AND FIGHT! *HEY... BABY FLYNN!*

FOR WEEKS AFTER THE CREW'S DISCOVERY OF JONATHAN FLYNN'S SECRET, THE POOR BOY DIDN'T KNOW A WAKING MOMENT'S PEACE. THEY RODE HIM UNMERCIFULLY ABOUT IT...

WHY'N'T YE TRY SWABBIN' THE DECK WITH THAT *RAG DOLL* OF YOURS, 'STEAD OF *WASTIN'* A *GOOD BRUSH*, SONNY BOY?!

WE OUGHT TO DUMP HIM *AND* HIS RAG DOLL OVER THE *SIDE!*

THEY EVEN INVADED HIS SLEEPING MOMENTS, SHAKING HIM OUT OF A SOUND SLUMBER TO CONTINUE THEIR CHIDING...

JUS' WANTED TO MAKE SURE YER LITTLE DOLLIES WASN'T *SUFFOCATIN'* UNDER THAT BLANKET, DEARIE...

LE'ME *ALONE!* WHY CAN'T YOU *LE'ME ALONE!*

YOU COULDN'T BLAME THOSE RUGGED SEAMEN FOR ABUSING FLYNN. THEY DIDN'T KNOW. AND THEY PROBABLY WOULDN'T HAVE UNDERSTOOD, EVEN IF HE'D TOLD THEM WHAT HE'D TOLD ME ONCE. IT WAS SOMETHING THAT HAD HAPPENED YEARS BEFORE, WHEN JONATHAN FLYNN WAS BUT SEVEN YEARS OLD...

I... I FELL OUT OF *BED*, MOMMY! WHY IS THE SHIP *SHAKING* SO?

IT'S A *STORM*, JOHNNY! A *TERRIBLE* STORM! DADDY SAYS THE SHIP IS TAKING ON *WATER!* WE... WE'LL HAVE TO *LEAVE!* COME...

WAIT, MOMMY! *WAIT!* I *CAN'T* GO WITHOUT *"RAGSY"!*

NO, DEAR! THAT'S *RIGHT!* WE *MUSTN'T* LEAVE ANYTHING WE LOVE BEHIND!

BUT JONATHAN'S MOTHER KNEW THAT *SHE'D* HAVE TO LEAVE SOMETHING SHE LOVED BEHIND. FOR JONATHAN'S FATHER WAS *CAPTAIN* OF THE ILL-FATED BARK *BETSY MORGAN*...

PLEASE, EDWARD! *NOT* WITHOUT *YOU!* I'D RATHER *DIE* THAN GO WITHOUT *YOU!*

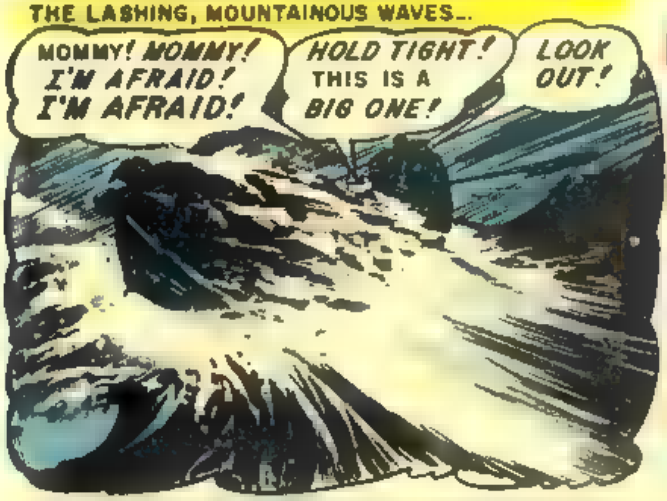
FOR *HEAVEN'S SAKE*, HELEN! SAVE OUR *SON!* THERE'S NO TIME TO *ARGUE! LOWER AWAY, MEN!* GOOD-BYE, HELEN... JONATHAN...

THE LONE LIFEBOAT HAD HARDLY CLEARED THE SHIP BEFORE SHE'D SHUDDERED AND SANK BENEATH THE CHURNING SEA...

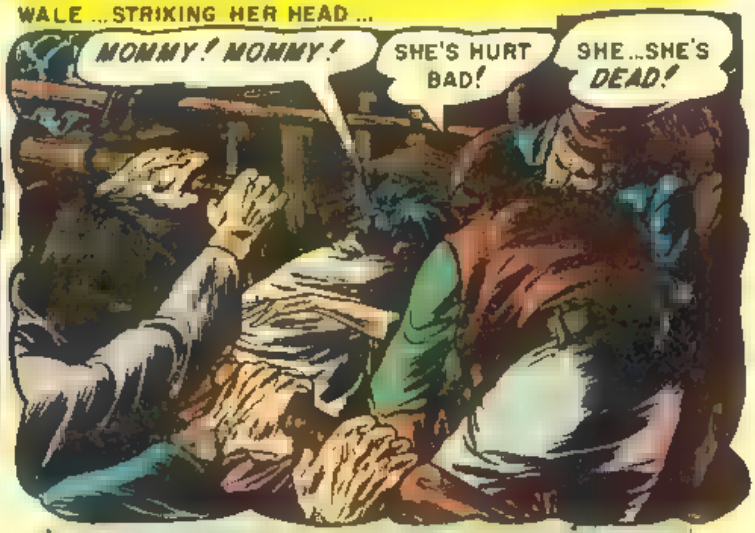
EDWARD! EDWARD! SOB... SOB...

MOMMY! *MOMMY*... WHERE'S *DADDY?*

SO HELEN FLYNN CLUNG TO JONATHAN, THE ONE PRECIOUS THING LEFT IN HER LIFE...AND THE BOY, IN TURN, CLUNG TO HIS RAG DOLL. THE LIFEBOAT, LIKE A MATCHSTICK, WAS TOSSED AND ROLLED BY THE LASHING, MOUNTAINOUS WAVES...

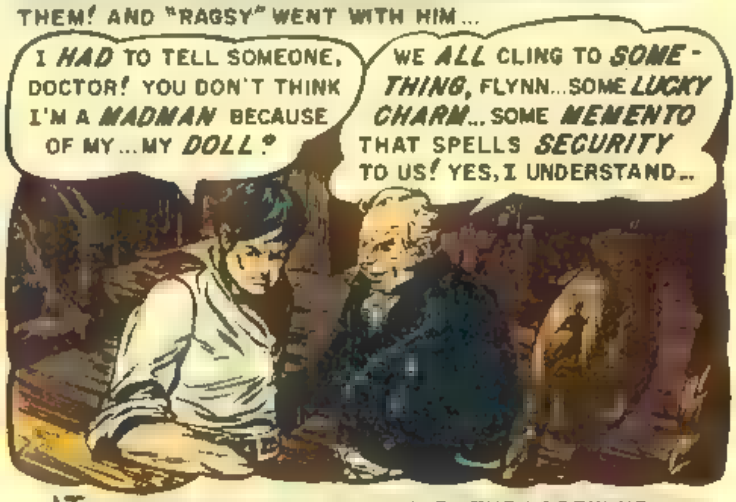


JONATHAN REMEMBERED HOW THE LIFEBOAT PITCHED AS IT DROPPED INTO THE TROUGH OF ONE HUGE WAVE. HE REMEMBERED HIS MOTHER BEING THROWN AGAINST THE GUNWALE ...STRIKING HER HEAD ...

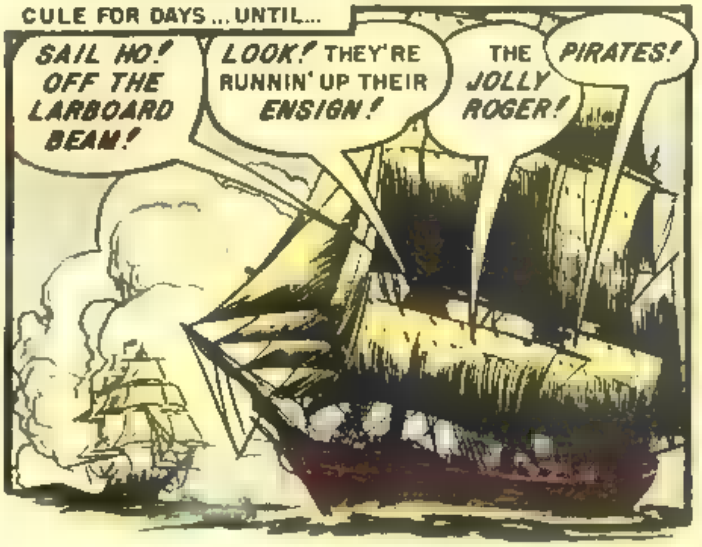


THE SKIPPER OF THE BRIG THAT SAVED JONATHAN AND THE OTHER SURVIVORS OF THE *BETSY MORGAN* WAS UNABLE TO CONSOLE THE CHILD OR SEPARATE HIM FROM THAT RAG DOLL...THE ONLY THING HE'D HAD TO CLING TO DURING THOSE TERRIFYING HOURS...

JONATHAN FLYNN WENT TO LIVE WITH AN AUNT IN PHILADELPHIA. HE WAS A LONELY BOY, WITH BUT ONE FRIEND. HIS DOLL "RAGSY"... THE ONLY THING IN THE WORLD HE FELT SAFE AND SECURE WITH. JONATHAN DREADED THE WATER, BUT WHEN MANHOOD CAME, HE WENT TO SEA IN SPITE OF HIS FEARS. HE WAS DETERMINED TO CONQUER THEM! AND "RAGSY" WENT WITH HIM...



BUT I KNEW THAT THE CREW OF THE NORTHERN STAR WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND, SO I DIDN'T TRY TO EXPLAIN. FLYNN AND HIS RAG DOLL WERE THE OBJECTS OF RIDICULE FOR DAYS ...UNTIL...

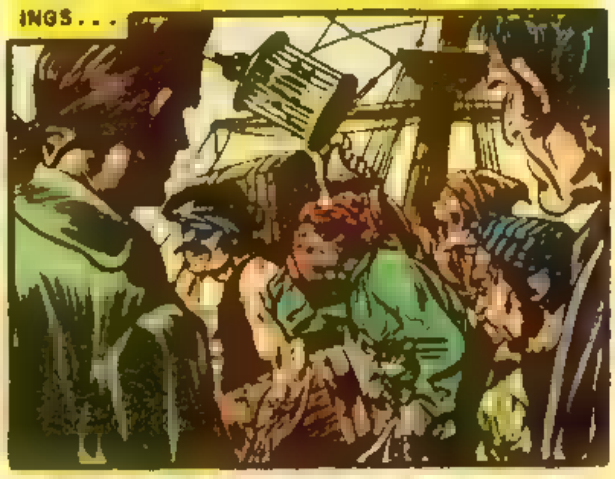


'TWAS A PIRATE SHIP ALL RIGHT. THEY DREW UP ALONGSIDE AND MADE FAST WITH LINES AND GRAPPLES. THEN THE FIERCE LOT OF 'EM, ARMED TO THE TEETH, POURED ABOARD...

THEY LINED US UP TOPSIDE, FROM OUR CAPTAIN DOWN TO OUR CABIN BOY... AND NOT ONE MAN OF US WAS LESS SCARED THAN JONATHAN FLYNN. THOSE CUTTHROATS JUST SCOWLED AND WE QUAKED...

'TIS *DISAPPOINTIN'*, M'LADS, BUT THERE AIN'T *ONE* OF THESE SHIVERING COWARDS *MAN ENOUGH* TO *FIGHT* FOR WHAT'S *HIS!* SO HELP YERSELVES TO ALL YE FIND BELOW...

WELL, SIR, WE JUST STOOD THERE AND WATCHED AS THE PIRATE-DEVILS BEGAN TO TRANSFER OUR CARGO... EVERY CASK... EVERY KEG... TO THEIR SHIP. NOT A MAN-JACK OF OUR CREW PEEPED OR MOVED AS THEY MARCHED BY US WITH EVERYTHING OF VALUE... EVEN OUR PERSONAL BELONGINGS...



THEN, SUDDENLY, JONATHAN FLYNN BROKE AWAY AND HEADED BELOW...

SCARED RABBIT, INDEED! THE PIRATES WERE JUST CLIMBING BACK ONTO THEIR OWN SHIP AND MAKING READY TO CAST OFF THE GRAPPLES WHEN JONATHAN FLYNN DASHED UP FROM BELOW... A CUTLASS IN ONE HAND... A MUSKET IN THE OTHER...

YOU LETTIN' 'EM *GO!?* YOU CALL YERSELVES *MEN!? COWARDS! THAT'S WHAT YOU ARE!* BUT NOT *ME! I'M* NOT TOO YELLOW TO *FIGHT* THOSE THIEVIN' PIRATES, EVEN IF I HAVE TO GO IT ALONE!

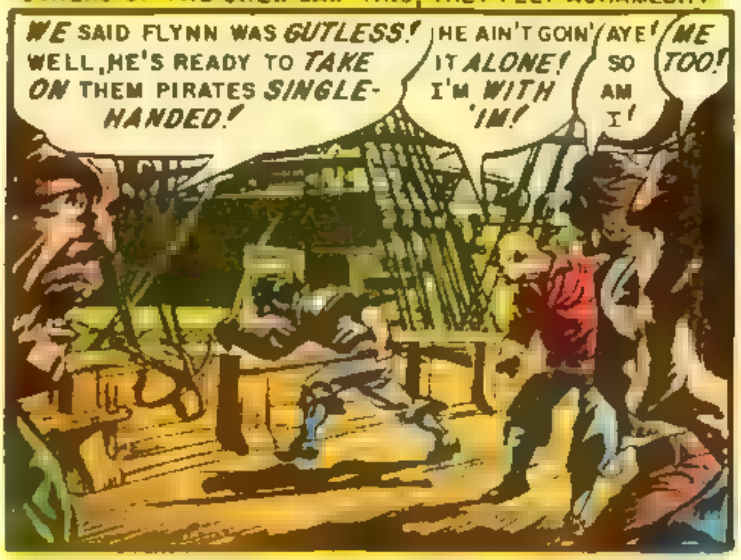
FLYNN STARTED TOWARD THE STARBOARD GUNWALE, WHERE THE PIRATES WERE STILL MADE FAST ON US. WHEN THE OTHERS OF THE CREW SAW THIS, THEY FELT ASHAMED...

WE SAID FLYNN WAS *GUTLESS!* WELL, HE'S READY TO *TAKE ON* THEM PIRATES *SINGLE-HANDED!*

HE AIN'T GOIN' IT *ALONE!* I'M *WITH 'IM!*

AYE! SO AM I!

ME TOO!

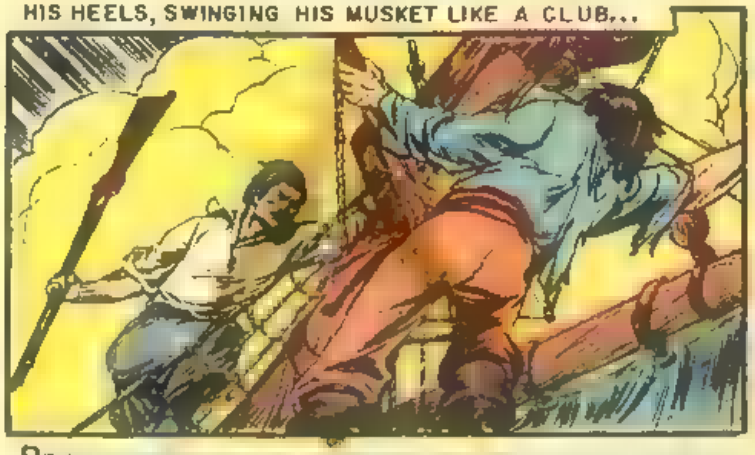


WITH A WILD CHEER, THE CREW SCURRIED ABOUT THE DECK, QUICKLY ARMING THEMSELVES WITH BELAYING PINS, CHAINS, AXES, MUSKETS, AND CUTLASSES. BIG BO'SUN ASHLEY RAN AFTER JONATHAN FLYNN...

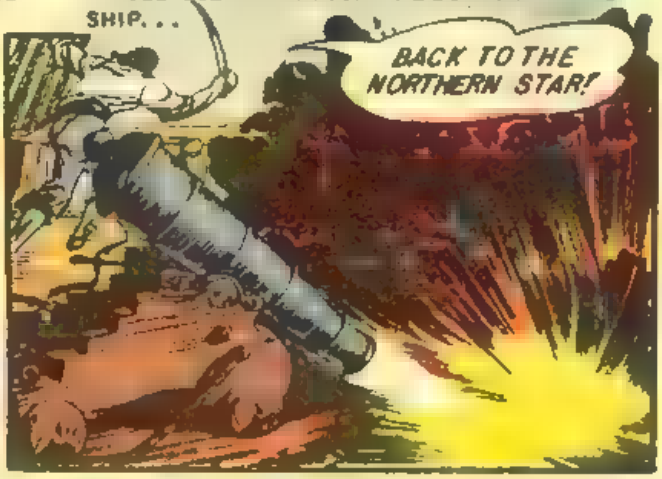
WAIT FER *US!* WE'RE GOIN' *WITH* YE, FLYNN! LE'ME HAVE THAT *CUTLASS*, MAN...

WITH JONATHAN FLYNN LEADING THEM, THE CREW OF *THE NORTHERN STAR* POURED OVER THE GUNWALES ONTO THE DECK OF THE PIRATE SHIP. . . A TIDAL WAVE OF SHOUTING, ANGERED, ARMED HUMANITY. THE PIRATES WERE TAKEN COMPLETELY BY SURPRISE, HAVING ASSUMED THAT OUR BOYS WERE TOO SCARED TO FIGHT. OH, BUT IT WAS A WICKED MÊLÉE...

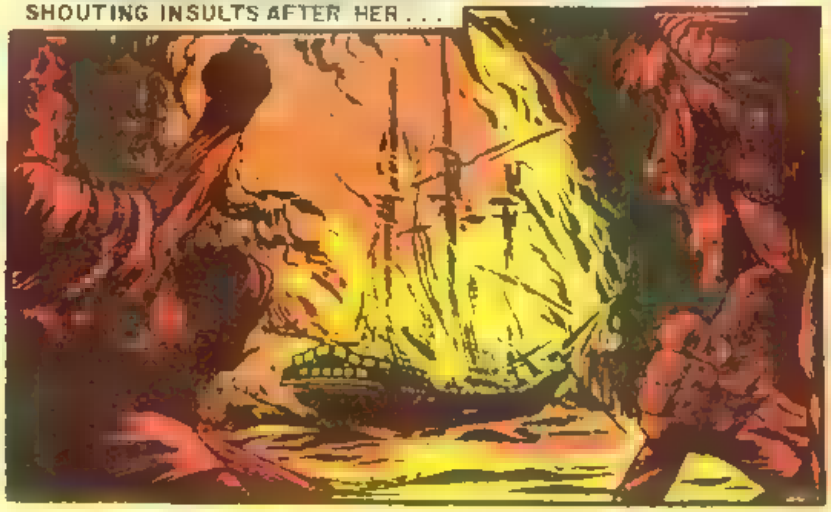
I'VE NEVER SEEN MEN GET WHAT THEY DESERVED ANY MORE THAN THOSE BRUTAL PIRATES. MAYBE IT WASN'T ALL SURPRISE THAT WHIPPED 'EM. I BELIEVE THAT THEY THEMSELVES WERE COWARDS AT HEART. SOME LEAPED OVER THE SIDE RATHER THAN FIGHT. SOME BEGGED FOR MERCY. THE PIRATE CAPTAIN HIMSELF RETREATED UP INTO THE RIGGING, WITH JONATHAN FLYNN AT HIS HEELS, SWINGING HIS MUSKET LIKE A CLUB...



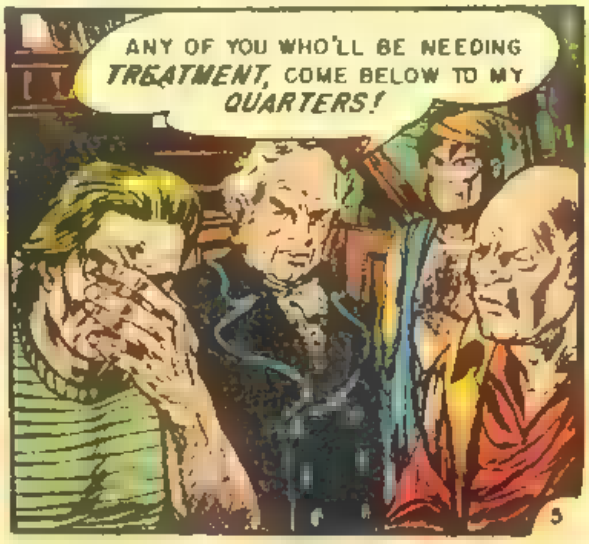
SOON, WHAT WAS LEFT OF THE ONCE FEARED BUCCANEERS COWERED AFT, A BEATEN SORRY-LOOKING LOT. THEN JIM ASHLEY TURNED ONE OF THEIR OWN CANNON DOWN AND BLEW A HOLE CLEAN THROUGH THE BOTTOM OF THE SHIP...



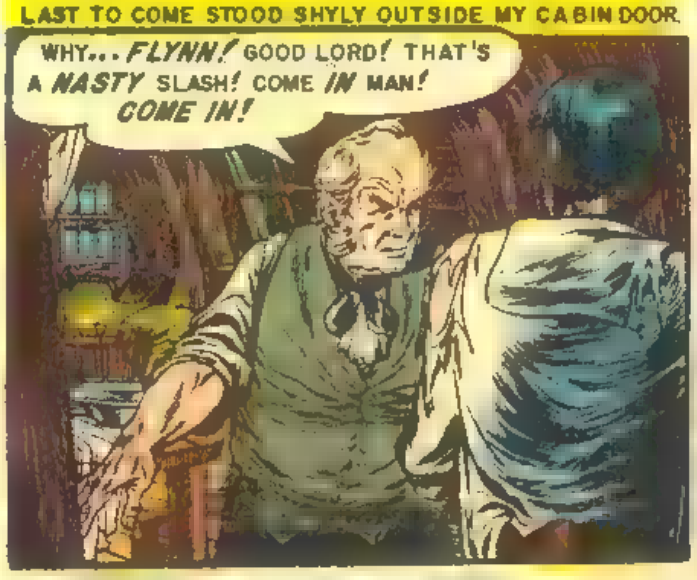
BEFORE THE CREW RETURNED TO *THE STAR*, OUR MEN PUT THE TORCH TO THE PIRATE VESSEL. THEN, FLUSHED WITH VICTORY, THEY SLASHED THE ROPES THAT'D HELD HER TO US. SHE DRIFTED AWAY, BURNING FURIOUSLY AND SETTLING QUICKLY... THE MEN SHOUTING INSULTS AFTER HER...



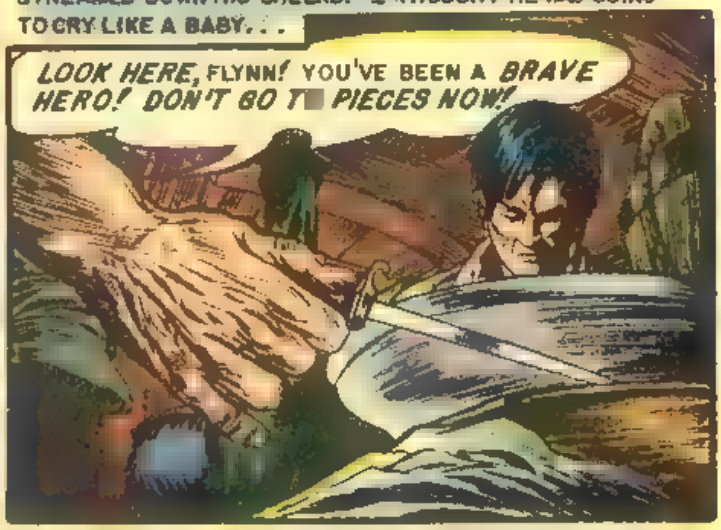
ONLY AFTER THE LAST RIPPLE CLOSED IN OVER HER MASTHEAD, DID THE MEN FINALLY TAKE HEED OF THEIR WOUNDS...



THE WOUNDED CAME INTO MY CRUDE DISPENSARY ONE AT A TIME AND I TENDED THEM AS BEST I COULD. THE LAST TO COME STOOD SHYLY OUTSIDE MY CABIN DOOR.



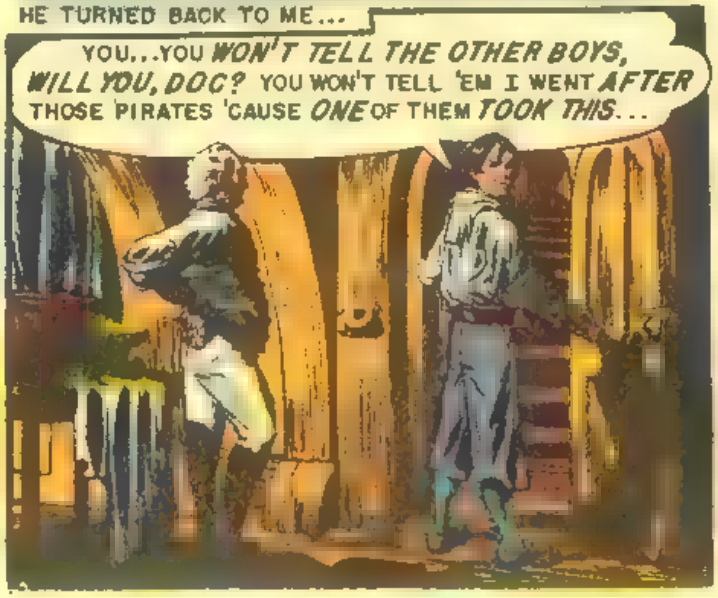
FLYNN LOOKED FURTIVELY UP AND DOWN THE PASSAGEWAY, ENTERED HURRIEDLY, AND SHUT THE DOOR BEHIND HIM. HIS FACE WAS CONTORTED IN AGONY. TEARS STREAMED DOWN HIS CHEEKS. I THOUGHT HE WAS GOING TO CRY LIKE A BABY...



THERE WAS A GREAT STOMACH GASH. FLYNN BRACED HIMSELF... BIT HIS LOWER LIP... AND I SET TO WORK SEWING UP THE CUT...

WHEN I WAS FINISHED, FLYNN SAT DOWN. THE TEARS WERE GONE. HE SMILED SADLY...

AFTER A WHILE, HE GOT UP AND STARTED FOR THE DOOR. JUST BEFORE HE STEPPED OUT INTO THE PASSAGEWAY, HE TURNED BACK TO ME...



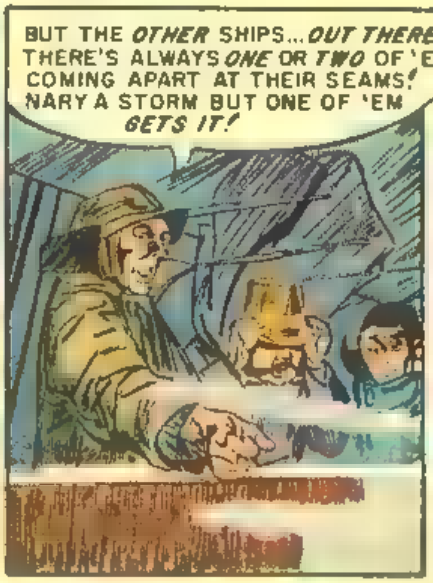
HE HELD UP THAT ANCIENT RAG DOLL OF HIS. FLYNN WAS RIGHT. YOU COULD HARDLY SEE WHERE I'D SEWN UP THE CUTLASS SLASH ACROSS IT'S STOMACH...

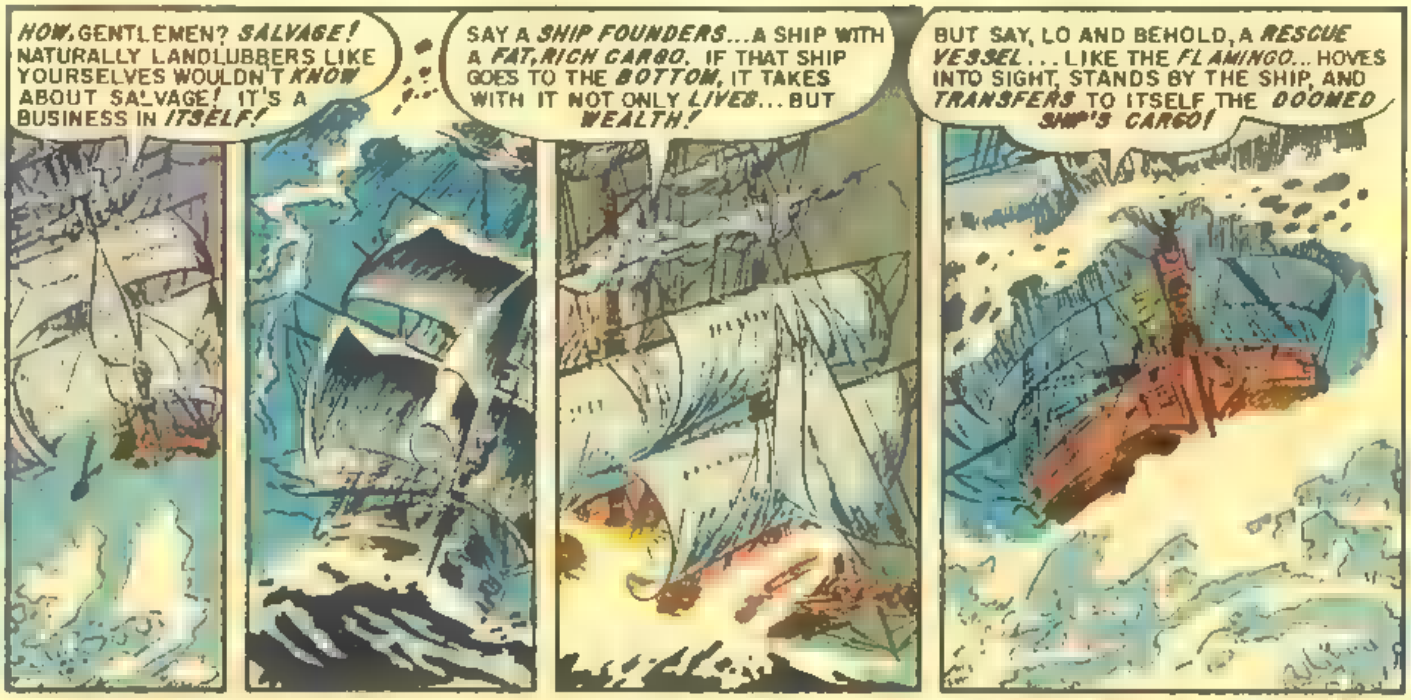
SALVAGE

THERE WERE TOUGH HARDENED SEA CAPTAINS BACK IN THE DAYS WHEN SAILING SHIPS PLOWED THE MIGHTY ATLANTIC WITH THEIR CARGOES...SEAMEN WITH ICE IN THEIR VEINS AND GRANITE IN THEIR HEARTS. BUT THERE WAS NONE SO CRUEL NOR SO AVARICIOUS AS CAPTAIN EBENEZER BRYSON, MASTER OF THE GOOD SHIP *FLAMINGO*. CAPTAIN BRYSON WOULD DO ANYTHING FOR MONEY...*ANYTHING!* THAT WAS WHY, AS THE *FLAMINGO* PITCHED AND ROLLED IN A STORMY SEA 300 MILES OFF CHARLESTON, CAPTAIN BRYSON STOOD AT THE RAIL ON THE QUARTER DECK AND SMILED...

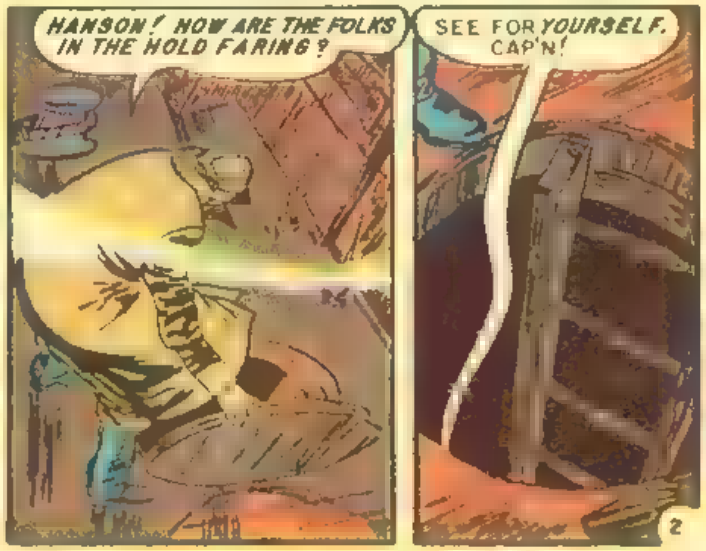
THE FIRST CLASS PASSENGERS STARED AT CAPTAIN BRYSON WONDERINGLY...

THE CAPTAIN SNEERED OUT AT THE MOUNTAINOUS WAVES...





CAPTAIN BRYSON WATCHED HIS PASSENGERS STUMBLE OFF. THEN HE TURNED TO A HATCHWAY, CALLING DOWN...



CAPTAIN BRYSON DESCENDED THE STAIRS TO THE HOLD AND GLANCED AROUND . . .

THEY'RE IN UTTER *MISERY*, CAP'N.. *ALL* OF 'EM! THE STORM'S MADE 'EM SICK T'DEATH. THERE'S NO AIR DOWN HERE AND THEY'RE NOT USED TO THE PITCHIN' AND TOSSIN' OF A SHIP IN A STORM...

THAT'S *THEIR* PROBLEM! THEY *PAID* FOR STEERAGE! AS LONG AS THE *FLAMINGO* SPRINGS NO LEAKS, THEY CAN COME INTO CHARLESTON *HALF DEAD*, FOR ALL I CARE!

BUT THEY'RE *HUMAN BEINGS*, CAP'N! THE LEAST YOU CAN DO IS *PITY* THE POOR SOULS...

IDIOT! STOW YOUR SENTIMENTAL DRIVEL TO *ME*, THEY'RE NOTHIN' BUT *CARGO!* TO *ME*, THEY'RE DOLLARS AN' *CENTS!*

WHAT *ISN'T* DOLLARS AND CENTS TO *YOU*, CAP'N?

NOTHING! AND THE SOONER YOU LEARN ABOUT ME AND THIS SHIP, HANSON, THE LONGER YOU'LL *STAY* AS FIRST MATE! GIVE ME ANY *MORE* OF YOUR SENTIMENTAL BILGE-WATER AND YOU'LL LOOK *ELSEWHERE* FOR A BERTH!

AND SO THE *FLAMINGO* LURCHED AND SHUDDERED THROUGH THE STORM WITH ITS CAPTAIN EAGERLY PEERING THROUGH THE FURY...

CURSE MY LUCK! NOT A *SIGN* OF A SAIL OR A WRECK! HAVE THEY ALL GONE *UNDER*? OR IS *MINE* THE ONLY SHIP AT SEA?

I HOPE IT *IS*.. FOR *THEIR* SAKE! I PITY ANY SHIP *YOU* SAVE!

THAT *DOES* IT! YOU'RE *THROUGH*, HANSON! IF THE *BRIG* WASN'T BEING *USED*, I'D HAVE YOU *THROWN INTO IT!*

YES, YOU WERE SO *GREEDY*, YOU EVEN USED *THAT* FOR YOUR PAYING FARES!

SAIL HO!

THE CRY CAME FROM MASTHEAD, INTERRUPTING THE ANGRY ARGUMENT BETWEEN THE CAPTAIN AND HIS MATE..

A *MERCHANTMAN!* NAME O' *THE 'BETSY ANN'!* SHE'S IN *TROUBLE!* SHE'S FLYIN' A *DISTRESS FLAG!*

DISTRESS, MY FOOT! SHE'S *SINKING!* SHE'S PART-WAY UNDER *NOW!* *HANSON!* ORDER THE CREW INTO THE RIGGING! BRING THE *FLAMINGO* AROUND! THE SEA'S WITH US! SHE'S RUNNIN' LIGHTER!

AYE, AYE, SIR!

AS THE STORM DIMINISHED, THE *FLAMINGO* WAS BROUGHT ALONGSIDE THE FOUNDERING *BETSY ANN*...

GET A LINE ABOARD 'ER AND STAND BY TO RIG FOR SALVAGE OPERATIONS! WE'RE TAKING HER CARGO ABOARD!

THE FIRST MATE OF THE FLAMINGO TURNED TO HIS CAPTAIN IN HORROR...

C-CARGO?! WHAT ABOUT HER *CREW?* SHE *CAN'T* STAY AFLOAT *LONG!*

THAT'S HER *CREW'S* WORRY! I DON'T TAKE A *MAN* ABOARD UNTIL THEY'VE TRANSFERRED THEIR *CARGO!* THAT'S HOW THEY CAN *PAY ME BACK* FOR *RESCUING THEM!* YOU HAVE MY *ORDERS*, HANSON!

WHEN THE CAPTAIN OF THE DOOMED VESSEL LEARNED OF BRYSON'S PLANS...

ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND, MAN! WE'RE *SINKING!* WE'LL *NEVER* HAVE TIME TO *UNLOAD* HER!

THAT'S *YOUR* HEADACHE! BETTER START *PRAYING* AS YOU SEND OVER YOUR CARGO!

CAPTAIN! WHERE IS YOUR *HEART?* WHAT'S MORE *IMPORTANT* TO YOU? *HUMAN LIFE*, OR A *FEW DOLLARS!*

MISTER, I'M A *BUSINESS MAN*, NOT A PHILANTHROPIST! MARITIME LAW WON'T AWARD ME A *NICKEL* IF I SAVE THE WHOLE *LOT* OF YOU! IF YOU DON'T *LIKE* RULES, *CHANGE 'EM* WHEN YOU GET BACK TO CHARLESTON!

NOW *WHAT'S* IT GOING TO *BE?* EVERY SECOND YOU WASTE IS ANOTHER *NAIL* IN YOUR COFFINS!

YOU MURDERING SWINE! YOU'VE GOT US *TRAPPED!* HEAVEN *HELP YOU* WHEN WE GET BACK TO CHARLESTON! *ANDERS! GIVE THE ORDER...*

ALL HANDS! INTO THE HOLD! START UNLOADING!

THE MEN OF THE SINKING VESSEL WORKED FEVERISHLY, UNLOADING HER CARGO, AS THE WATER IN THE HOLD ROSE STEADILY...

SHE CAN'T LAST MUCH *LONGER*, SIR!

WE'RE *HELPLESS*, ANDERS! WE'RE AT HIS *MERCY!* WORK *FASTER!* OUR LIVES *DEPEND* ON IT!

PAINFULLY SLOWLY... BARREL BY BARREL... CRATE BY CRATE... THE CARGO WAS SHIFTED FROM THE *BETSY ANN* TO THE *FLAMINGO*...

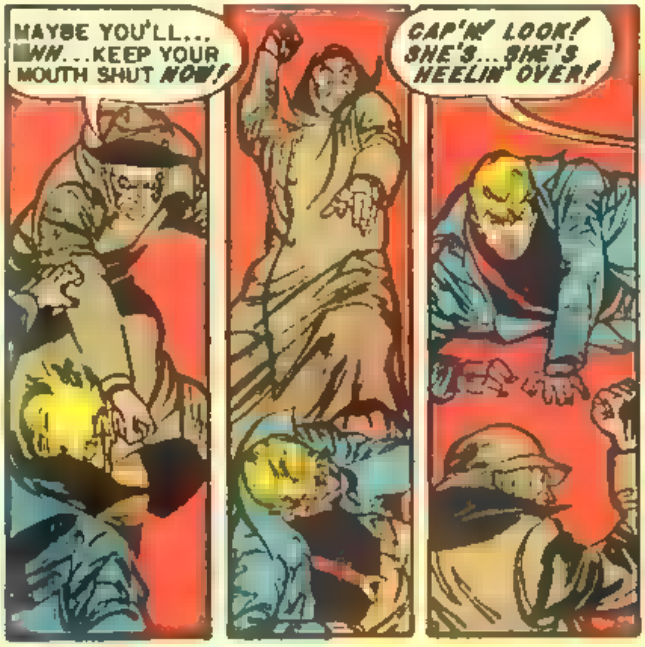
BRYSON! LISTEN TO ME! YOU'VE *GOT* ALMOST *HALF* OUR CARGO! *BE SATISFIED!* THE WATER IN THE HOLD [redacted] UP TO OUR *NECKS!* TAKE US *ABOARD!*

STOP BELLY-ACHING, FRIEND! WE'RE *HELPING YOU*... BY *LIGHTENING* YOUR LOAD! *KEEP PASSING THAT CARGO!*

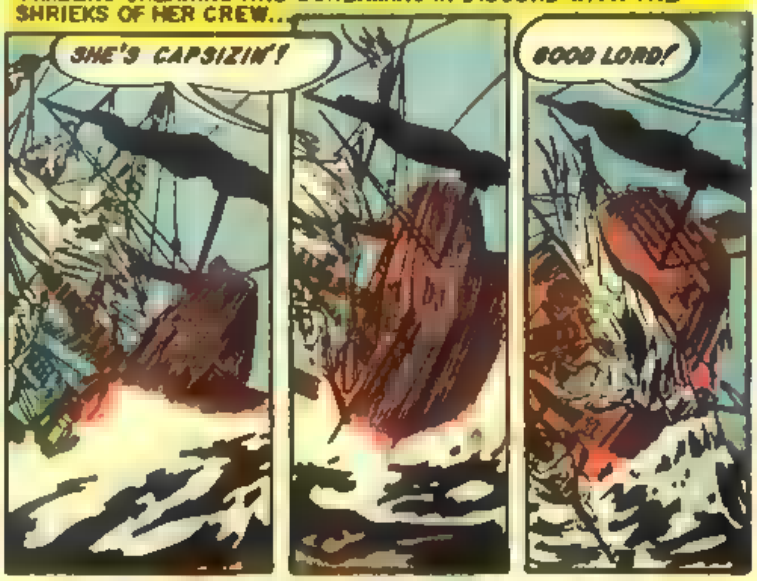
ON THE DECK OF THE *FLAMINGO*, HANSON, THE FIRST MATE, PLEADED...

CAP'N! FOR THE LOVE OF *HEAVEN! TRANSFER THE CREW!* THE *BETSY ANN'S LISTING!* SHE'LL GO *DOWN* ANY *MINUTE!* HAVE SOME *PITY!*

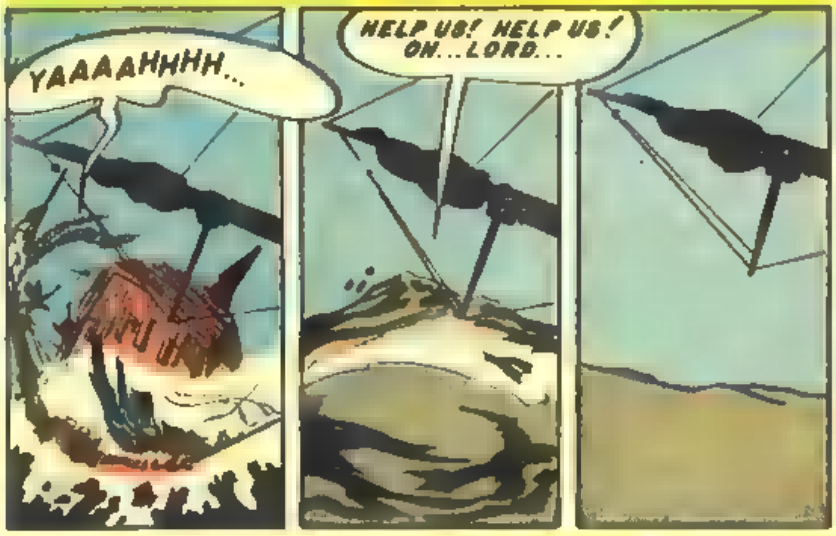
YOU AGAIN, HANSON! I *TOLD* YOU I HAD *ENOUGH* OF YOUR PREACHING!



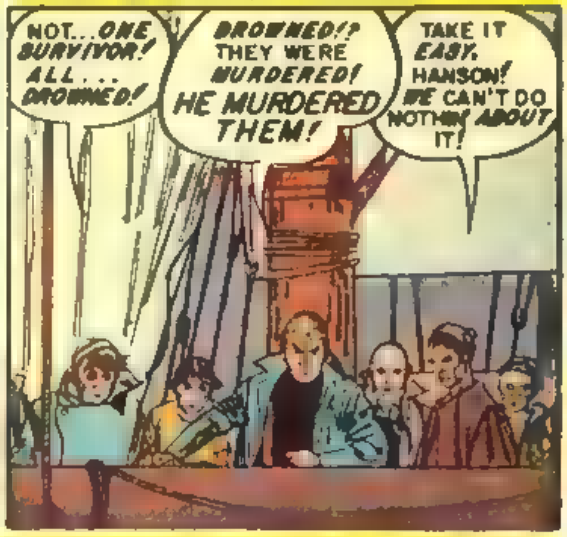
WITH A SUCKING SIGH, THE *BETSY ANN* BEGAN TO ROLL, HER TIMBERS CREAKING AND SCREAMING IN DISCORD WITH THE SHRIEKS OF HER CREW...



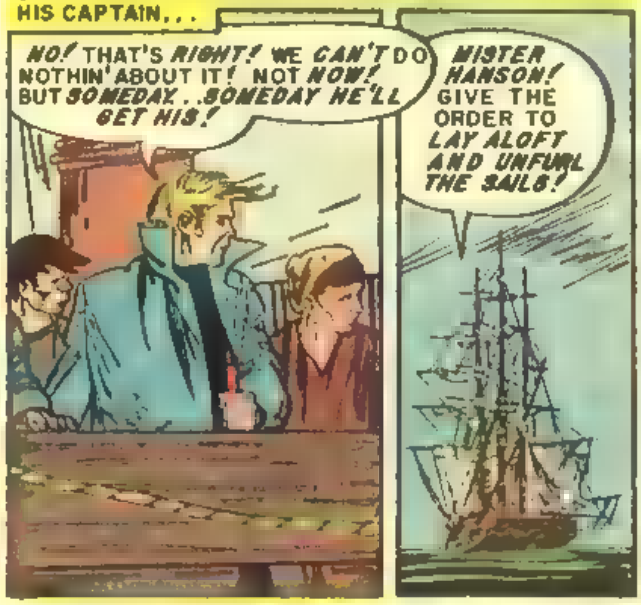
THOSE THAT WERE TRAPPED BELOW, IN HER HOLD, NEVER HAD A CHANCE! THOSE WHO WERE ON DECK OR IN HER RIGGING WERE PITCHED LIKE PEBBLES INTO THE ROILING SEA, ONLY TO BE SUCKED DOWN ALONG WITH HER AS SHE SLID BELOW THE WAVES...



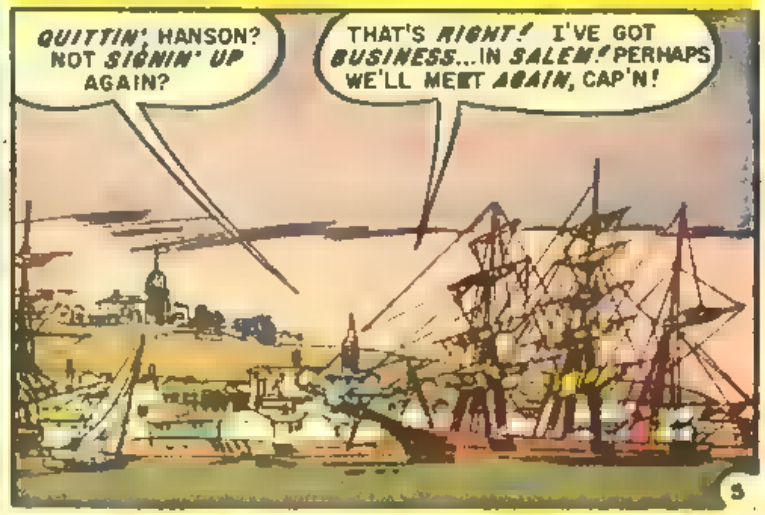
FOR A LONG WHILE, THE WATER CHURNED OVER THE SPOT WHERE THE *BETSY ANN* HAD DISAPPEARED. THE CREW OF THE *FLAMINGO* STARED IN SILENCE, SICK INSIDE...



JOHN HANSON'S EYES NARROWED AS HE STARED AT HIS CAPTAIN...



TWO WEEKS LATER, IN CHARLESTON HARBOR, CAPTAIN BRYSON WATCHED WITH A WRY SMILE AS JOHN HANSON GRIMLY LEFT THE *FLAMINGO* WITH HIS GEAR ALONG WITH THE PASSENGERS, GLARING AT THE SALVAGED CARGO BEING UNLOADED...



JOHN HANSON TRAVELLED NORTH TO SALEM AND CAPTAIN EBENEZER BRYSON SOON FORGOT HIM. THE MONTHS PASSED. ONE DAY, *THE FLAMINGO* WAS RETURNING TO CHARLESTON WITH A CARGO OF SLAVES WHEN IT RAN INTO A STORM. ONCE AGAIN, CAPTAIN BRYSON GLOATED AT THE PROSPECT OF *SALVAGE*...

BUT TO HIS DISMAY, HE SOON LEARNED THAT IT WAS *HIS* SHIP THAT WAS FOUNDERING...

SHE'S *FILLIN' FAST*, CAP'N! HER WHOLE *BOTTOM'S* LIKE TO HAVE SPLIT *WIDE OPEN!*

DON'T JUST *STAND THERE*, IDIOT! SEND UP *VERY LIGHTS!* THERE'S *GOT* TO BE A SHIP NEARBY!

AS DISTRESS ROCKET AFTER DISTRESS ROCKET FLARED UPWARD INTO THE RAGING WIND, A SAIL SUDDENLY APPEARED...

LOOK, CAP'N! A *SHIP!*

WE'RE IN *LUCK! QUICK!* SIGNAL 'EM TO THROW US A *LINE* AND SEND OVER A *BOSUN'S CHAIR!*

BUT WHEN THE RESCUE VESSEL CAME ALONGSIDE AND THE BOSUN'S CHAIR RIG WAS SET UP BETWEEN THE TWO SHIPS...

HOLD IT, CAP'N! NOT YOU! FIRST I WANT YOUR *CARGO!*

CARGO FIRST!? ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR *MIND?* I'M THE *CAPTAIN!* YOU'VE GOT TO RESCUE *ME* FIRST! THE *CARGO* IS *SLAVES!* AND THE SHIP IS TAKING ON *WATER!*

THEN USE YOUR *PUMPS!* YOU OUGHT TO *KNOW*, BRYSON! ONLY *PROPERTY* HAS *SALVAGE* VALUE! *SLAVES ARE PROPERTY!* THEY'RE GOING TO BE BROUGHT ACROSS *FIRST!* I'M A *BUSINESS MAN*... NOT A *PHILANTHROPIST!*

THERE WAS SOMETHING HAUNTINGLY FAMILIAR ABOUT THE VOICE THAT DRIFTED THROUGH THE WIND. BUT CAPTAIN BRYSON WAS TOO FRIGHTENED TO THINK ABOUT THAT NOW. THE SLAVES WERE BROUGHT UP FROM BELOW AND, ONE BY ONE, TRANSFERRED TO THE RESCUE VESSEL. THEN...

HOLD ON, CAP'N BRYSON! *NOT YOU!* NOW THE *CREW!* A *CAPTAIN* LEAVES HIS SHIP *LAST!* THAT'S *MARITIME TRADITION!*

GOOD LORD, MAN! HAVE YOU NO *PITY?*

THE MEMBERS OF THE CREW WENT NEXT. THE *FLAMINGO* LISTED. FINALLY, HIS SHIP CLEARED OF CARGO AND CREW, CAPTAIN BRYSON STARTED INTO THE BOSUN'S CHAIR. THEN, WITH A SNAP, THE LIFELINE *PARTED*...

HELP! OH, LORD! HELP! SEND OVER ANOTHER LINE! PLEASE..

THERE WAS NO TIME TO SET UP A NEW LINE! THE *FLAMINGO* SHUDDERED AND SANK WITH ITS SHRIEKING CAPTAIN. IRONICALLY, EBENEZER BRYSON HAD FALLEN PREY TO HIS OWN EVIL PHILOSOPHY. AS HE HAD LIVED, SO HAD HE DIED...

YAAAAAAHHH...

THE END

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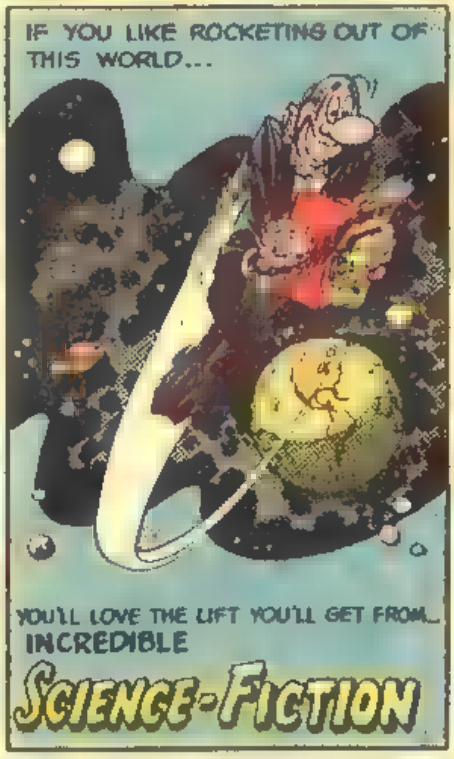
E.C.'S "NEW DIRECTION" MAGS



IF YOU'D LIKE TO SUBSCRIBE TO ANY OF THE ABOVE E.C. "NEW DIRECTION" MAGS, YOU'LL LOVE THE SUBSCRIPTION COUPON ON THE INSIDE FRONT COVER!

BREAKERS ON THE SHORE

The editors of Piracy are constantly training a weather eye on current events in the hope of turning up some intrepid exploits of the sea. Some hearty souls have taken off in cheese box variations of the Kon-Tiki. You wouldn't read about these would-be Magellans in the 'Ship Departures' section, but occasionally you'll get a photo of the benevolent Coast Guard towing them back to port. Few of these nebulous navigators . . . who wouldn't know a boathook from an oriental back-scratcher . . . get any more *outward bound* than Hell's Gate. If there is any truth to the adage that competent explorers *never* have adventures, the masters of *these* vacillating crafts would have one hand on the tiller, one on the mainsail, and one on the distress pendant.

However, there occurred one feat of daring and endurance last June, an undeniable conflict between man and Mare Nostrum of the west coast . . . the Pacific!

Paul Stader, forty-three year old stunt man of the movies is worthy of our citation and commendation. He was the only survivor among three men aboard a cruiser that sank off the west coast. Coast Guard spokesmen marvelled at Mr. Stader's superb endurance that brought him to shore after a desperate *ten-mile swim* through heavy seas. When he stumbled ashore at Catalina's Emerald Bay after *twenty-one* hours in the water, he implored aid for his buddies who were "out there" and then collapsed from exhaustion.

The Coast Guard launched an immediate search for the other two men who were aboard the eighteen-foot Tinker Toy IV with Mr. Stader when it sank on that fateful Saturday, ten miles off the island in Catalina channel. Missing were Hugo Walters, thirty-one, another movie stunt man and ex-lifeguard, and Don McGuire, twenty-seven, of Hollywood.

The swimming fins that Mr. Stader wore on his struggle to reach shore were cited as a most vital factor in his survival. All we have to say is . . . swimming fins are quite inanimate, unless *powered* by determined leg muscles!

* * * * *

Carleton J. West jr., a twenty-four year old law student of the University of Minnesota made a heroic dive for which he was subsequently "decorated." On the evening of June 16, 1954, Mr. West stopped his car on a Mississippi River bridge and went to the rescue of a woman who had just leaped from the span.

Mr. West ran down the bank, dove into the water and pulled the woman out. He managed to revive her with artificial respiration until an ambulance arrived.

When Carleton West returned to his car, he found it tagged for illegal parking on the bridge. A worthy "test case" for *any* aspiring counselor!

* * * * *

Recently, despite our strained diplomatic relations with other countries, Coast Guard authorities assured us that we have certain "friends" outside our domestic confines. An Arctic expert says that icebergs are the "friend of the polar navigator and not to be feared."

Capt. Charles W. Thomas, a veteran Arctic seaman, states that since seven-eighths of an iceberg is submerged, the huge ice mass is propelled by sea currents . . . not wind. Therefore, the captain reveals, "it gives the sailor a means of determining current direct in a sea covered with upwards to one hundred feet of ice."

Captain Thomas also noted that on many polar trips he has tied his ship to a moving iceberg and let the berg run interference for him through ice fields and through fields where smaller icebergs represented navigational hazards.

The Captain's attitude of "love me . . . love my iceberg" seems entirely justified!

THE KEG

YOU'RE STANDING THE DOG WATCH. THE SUN HAS SET AND THE GLITTERING POINTS OF THE SOUTHERN CROSS ARE JUST BEGINNING TO APPEAR IN THE DARKENING SKY ABOVE YOU. YOU STARE OUT ACROSS THE HEAVING SWELLS AND IT SEEMS TO YOU THAT TIME TURNS BACKWARD. IT SEEMS THAT YOU ARE STANDING ON THE DECK OF ANOTHER SHIP, IN ANOTHER DAY LONG PAST. THE BITTER MEMORIES COME CROWDING ON YOU SO THAT WHEN THE SECOND MATE PAUSES BEHIND YOU, YOUR FACE LIKE GRANITE AND YOUR EYES ARE GLOWING COALS...

I-I'VE COME TO RELIEVE YOU, MISTER HURD!

ONLY *DEATH* CAN RELIEVE ME, MISTER! *ONLY DEATH*...

GEORGE EVANS

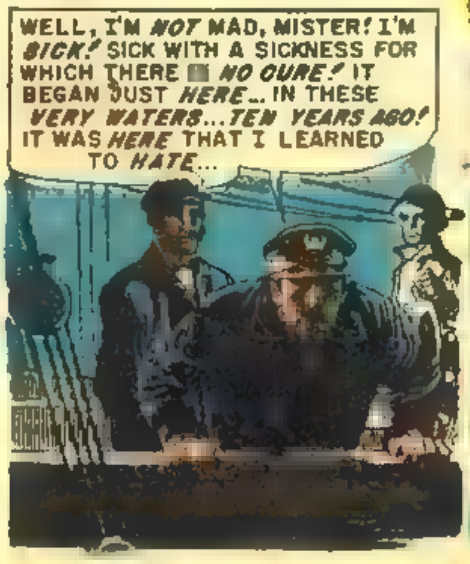
YOU SPEAK THE WORDS MORE TO YOURSELF THAN TO THE MATE. YOU'RE STILL REMEMBERING. BUT THE WAY HE BACKS OFF...THE SUDDEN WARINESS IN HIS TENSE BODY...SNAPS YOU BACK TO REALITY.

DO I SEEM *STRANGE* TO YOU, MISTER? I DON'T *MEAN* TO FRIGHTEN YOU!

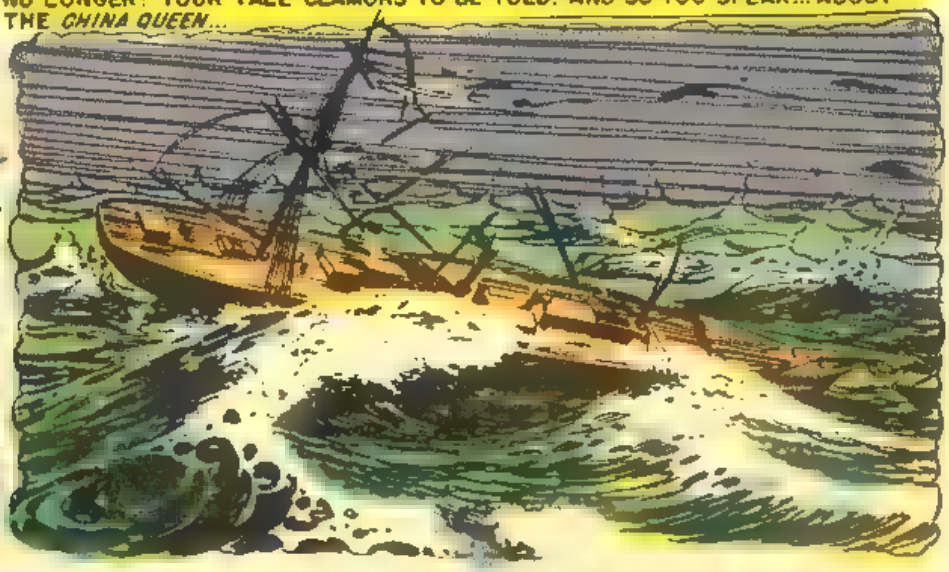
F-FRIGHTEN ME?! *Y-YOU?!* WHY SHOULD YOU FRIGHTEN *ME?*

WHY?! BECAUSE OF THE *TALES!* WHY *ELSE?!* YOU'VE *HEARD* THEM! I *KNOW!* THE CREW *WHISPERS* ABOUT ME! THEY SAY THE FIRST MATE IS *QUEER*... *MAD!*

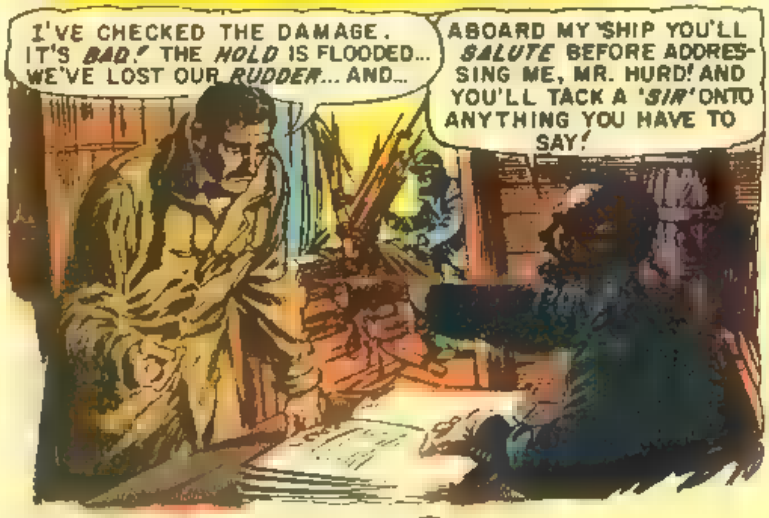
YOU GRIP THE GUNWALE RAIL AND YOU TURN AWAY...



YOU'RE SUDDENLY PUZZLED. WHY DO YOU SPEAK NOW... AFTER SO LONG? YOU DO NOT UNDERSTAND. YOU KNOW ONLY THAT YOU CAN REGRET IN SILENCE NO LONGER! YOUR TALE CLAMORS TO BE TOLD! AND SO YOU SPEAK... ABOUT THE *CHINA QUEEN*...

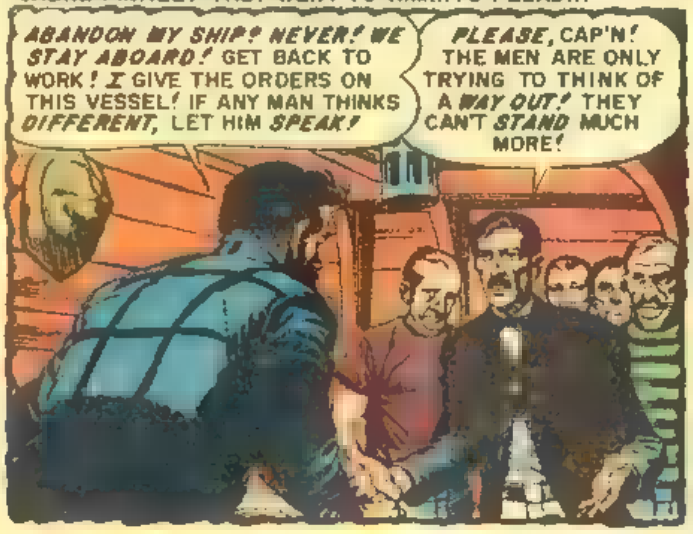


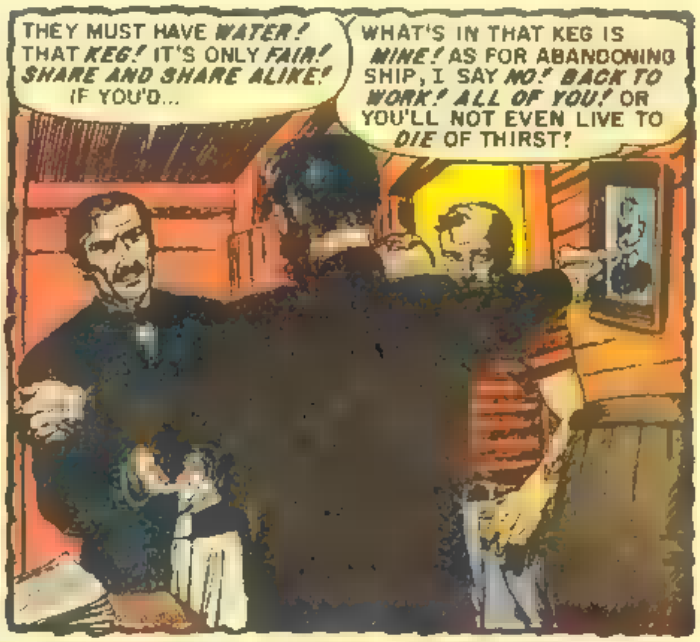
SHE WAS THE FIRST SHIP YOU'D EVER SERVED ON AS AN OFFICER. THE *CHINA QUEEN*. SHE'D BEEN A PROUD SHIP. AND THE HURRICANE HAD TAKEN THAT PRIDE AND BROKEN IT AND LEFT HER A SHATTERED, DRIFTING HULK...



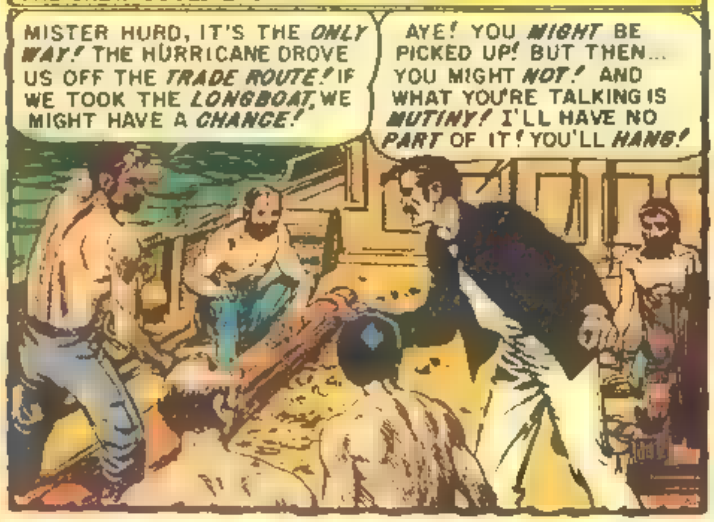
A HARD MAN, CAP'N SMOLLENS. YOU'D KNOWN THAT FROM THE FIRST DAY YOU'D SAILED. BUT AFTER THE STORM, THE MAN WAS INHUMAN. HE DROVE THE CREW LIKE BEASTS, WHILE THE DEAD CALM BAKED THEM AND THEIR THROATS PARCHED...

HE WAS THE DEVIL'S OWN, WAS CAP'N SMOLLENS. THE MEN STARVED AND HE DOLED OUT RATIONS LIKE A MISER. THEY THIRSTED... AND THE WATER KEG REMAINED IN HIS CABIN. FINALLY THEY WENT TO HIM... TO PLEAD...





HE DROVE THEM OUT, AND THEREAFTER HE WENT ARMED. AND SO THE HEAT BAKED THE HEARTS OUT OF YOU AND THE OTHERS AND THE THIRST CLAWED AT YOUR THROATS UNTIL THE CREW COULD ENDURE IT NO MORE...



THE CREW HATED SMOLLENS. YOU FELT IT TOO. YET YOU WERE ABLE TO SPEAK TO THE CAPTAIN... CALMLY... BECAUSE THE HATE WAS NOT YET A BURNING, LIVING THING INSIDE YOU. BUT HE JUST SMILED...

YOU LICKED YOUR DRY LIPS, AND SUDDENLY YOU REACHED FOR THE KEG...

I'VE *TRIED* TO REMEMBER THAT YOU ARE MY CAPTAIN, BUT YOU DON'T *DESERVE* 'SIRS' AND SALUTES! THE MEN WILL *HAVE WATER*, EVEN IF I HAVE TO TAKE IT BY *FORCE!*

I THINK *NOT*, MISTER..

YOU TRIED, BUT THE CAPTAIN MOVED QUICKLY. OF COURSE! *HE* WASN'T SLOWLY DYING OF THIRST! YOU CAME TO IN THE FO'C'SLE...

SAWYER! WHAT... WHAT *HAPPENED?* THAT *NOISE?!* THAT'S *GUN-FIRE!*

AYE! 'TIS THE CREW! THEY'RE TAKING TO THE *LONGBOAT* AFTER THEY GET THE CAPTAIN'S *KEG!* I STAYED BEHIND TO BRING YOU *ALONG!*

YOU *FOOLS!* YOU *CAN'T* FACE A *PISTOL!* HE'LL SHOOT YOU DOWN LIKE *DOGS!* YOU'LL NEVER *MAKE* IT!

WE'LL MAKE IT! WE'VE THOUGHT OF A *WAY*...

AS YOU CAME UP ON DECK, YOUR EYES SWEPT THE AWFUL SCENE: FIRE! THAT WAS THEIR PLAN. BURN HIM OUT! BUT THE CAPTAIN WAS STUBBORNLY FIGHTING THEM OFF... TRAPPED IN HIS CABIN BELOW THE BLAZING QUARTER DECK...

THEY'RE LOWERING AWAY! C'MON, HURD!

NO! SAWYER! I *CAN'T!* GO WITHOUT *ME!*

YOU STARTED TOWARD THE CAPTAIN'S CABIN. YOU COULDN'T LEAVE SMOLLENS TO DIE, NO MATTER WHAT HE WAS. SAWYER SHRUGGED AND RACED ACROSS THE DECK TOWARD THE STARBOARD GUNWALE. HE NEVER SAW THE FLAMING MAST TOPPLE...

WAIT FOR ME! I'M COMING! I...

SAWYER! LOOK OUT!

SAWYER! OH, LORD...

THE LONGBOAT PULLED AWAY AND YOU STRUGGLED TO EXTRICATE SAWYER FROM BELOW THE BURNING MAST. THEN YOU TURNED TO SEE CAPTAIN SMOLLENS EMERGE FROM HIS CABIN... HIS KEG OF WATER ON HIS SHOULDERS...

MY *CONGRATULATIONS*, MISTER HURD! I'D HAD HALF AN IDEA YOU'D GO *WITH* THOSE OTHER FOOLS! BUT SINCE YOU *HAVEN'T*, WE'D BEST GET TO THE *DINGHY!* THE *CHINA QUEEN* WON'T *LAST* VERY LONG...

THE GRIM IRONY OF IT. THE OTHERS HAD PULLED AWAY... VANISHED...NEVER TO BE SEEN AGAIN. AND HE STILL HAD HIS KEG! HE HUGGED IT AFTERWARDS, AS YOU WATCHED THE CHARRED *CHINA QUEEN* SLIDE BENEATH THE WAVES...

GASP...*WATER*...

YOU TURNED TO HIM THEN, BEGGING...

CAP'N...IN THE NAME OF *MERCY!* SAWYER IS BADLY *HURT!* GIVE HIM JUST A *LITTLE!*

TOMORROW, MISTER! *TOMORROW*, PERHAPS. THIS KEG MUST LAST TILL WE'RE *PICKED UP!* I CAN'T AFFORD TO BE *RECKLESS*...

TOMORROW!? THAT BUTCHER! YOU DID WHAT YOU COULD FOR SAWYER. YOU BOUND UP HIS WOUNDS AND WAITED FOR TOMORROW. BUT TOMORROW WAS JUST AS YOU'D *KNOWN* IT WOULD BE...

IT'S *DAYLIGHT!* NOW, *THE WATER!* YOU *PROMISED*...!

I PROMISED...BUT I'VE BEEN *THINKING*, MISTER HURD! WITH WATER, *ONE* OF US MIGHT SURVIVE! *ONE*... BUT *NOT THREE!*

YOU SHRIEKED AS HE DREW HIS PISTOL.

I *KNEW* IT! I *ALWAYS* KNEW IT! YOU NEVER *MEANT* TO SHARE IT WITH US! WELL, I WON'T *LET* SAWYER DIE! I'LL GET THAT WATER FROM YOU...*SOMEHOW!*

YOU'D NEVER *REACH* ME, MISTER... SO, FOR YOUR OWN SAKE, *DON'T TRY!*

WHAT COULD YOU DO? EACH NIGHT, IN THE DARKNESS, YOU PICTURED THAT DEVIL DRINKING. AND THE HATE BECAME A MADNESS INSIDE YOU... A FLAME THAT KEPT YOU ALIVE THROUGH THOSE AGONIZING DAYS...

YOU...YOU WISH I'D *RUSH* YOU...*DON'T* YOU? THEN...THEN YOU'D BE WITHIN YOUR RIGHTS TO *KILL ME!* THEN...I'D *NEVER TELL!* WELL, I *WON'T* RUSH YOU! NOT *YET!*

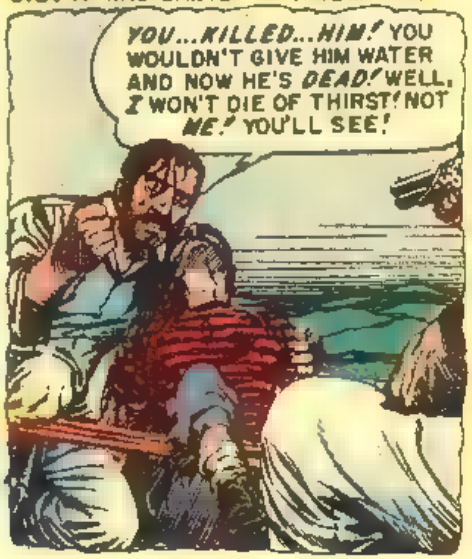
SOONER OR LATER YOU'LL HAVE TO *SLEEP!* I'LL...I'LL MAKE A BARGAIN WITH YOU! GIVE SAWYER A DRINK... *JUST ONE*...AND I'LL *LEAVE YOU ALONE!*

I MAKE *NO BARGAINS*, HURD! BUT YOU'RE *RIGHT!* SOONER OR LATER I *WILL* HAVE TO SLEEP! THAT'S WHY I'VE *LASHED THE KEG*...*SO*...*TO MY WAIST*...

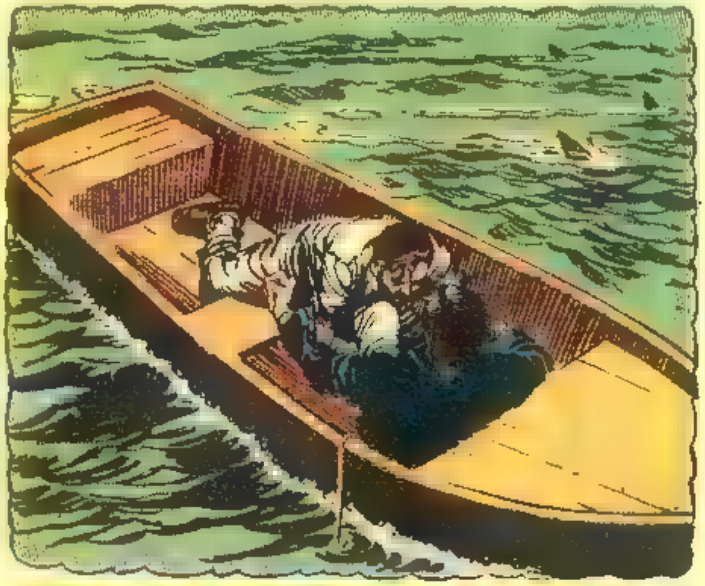
HE DROPPED THE KEG OVER THE SIDE OF THE DINGHY...

TO *PULL UP* THE KEG, YOU'LL HAVE TO *AWAKEN ME!* I WOULDN'T *RISK IT* IF I WERE *YOU!*

SMOLLENS HAD THOUGHT OF EVERYTHING. THEN CAME THAT TIME AT LAST WHEN NIGHT AND DAY MERGED IN YOUR TORTURED BRAIN...WHEN YOU RAVED IN DELIRIUM. BUT YOU WOULD NOT DIE. IT WAS SAWYER WHO WENT FIRST...



YOU GAVE SAWYER'S BODY TO THE SEA AND THEN YOU WAITED. YOU WAITED FOR YOUR CHANCE. AND WHEN THE CAPTAIN DOZED, HIS PISTOL BESIDE HIM, YOU CREPT FORWARD...FOR THE KEG...



YOU NEVER SAW THE SAIL ON THE HORIZON...

THEN YOU HAULED AT THE ROPE. YOU BROUGHT UP THE KEG AND PULLED THE BUNG FROM ITS HOLE AND RAISED THE KEG TO YOUR LIPS AND DRANK OF THE COOL LIQUID...

YOU DRANK DEEPLY AND THEN YOUR STOMACH REJECTED WHAT YOU HAD SWALLOWED...

CHOKE...

YOU SPEWED UP THE COOL WATER AND YOU FELL BACK, SCREAMING WITH INSANE LAUGHTER. THAT WAS HOW THEY'D FOUND YOU. GIGGLING HYSTERICALLY...

THE MEMORY FADES. YOU SHAKE YOUR HEAD. YOU TURN TO THE SECOND MATE...

NOW DO YOU UNDERSTAND, MISTER? *NOW* DO YOU KNOW WHY I'M *LIKE THIS*...WHY THEY SAY I'M *MAD*?

I...I UNDERSTAND, MISTER HURD.

BUT HE DOESN'T UNDERSTAND! HOW COULD HE?...

ANY MAN WOULD HAVE DONE WHAT *YOU* DID, MISTER HURD! AND WHEN A MAN'S BEEN THROUGH WHAT *YOU'VE* BEEN, HE HAS A *RIGHT* TO BE...WELL... *STRANGE!*

AYE... HE *HAS* A RIGHT! BUT *NOT* FOR THE REASONS YOU *THINK*, MISTER! *NO*... NOT FOR THE REASONS *YOU* THINK...

YOU ALMOST WHISPER...REMEMBERING. YOU THINK BACK TO THAT LAST DAY IN THE DINGHY...WHEN YOU RAISED THE KEG TO YOUR LIPS...WHEN YOU KNEW THE TRUTH AT LAST...

CHOKE...

SALT! GAGG...*THE WATER...IN THE KEG! SALT!* THE KEG IS... *STOVEN!* IT *MUST* HAVE HAPPENED DURING THE *HURRICANE!* THERE...*THERE NEVER WAS ANY WATER!* IT...IT WAS JUST THE *CAPTAIN'S* WAY OF GIVING US... *HOPE!*

YOU REMEMBER, AND ONCE MORE THE BITTER REGRETS SURGE OVER YOU. YOUR HAND GOES TO YOUR CAP AS YOU TURN TO LOOK OUT OVER THE SILENT TOSSING WAVES. AND YOU WHISPER THE WORDS YOU'VE THOUGHT SO OFTEN THESE PAST TEN LONG YEARS...

FORGIVE ME, CAP'N... SIR!

THE END

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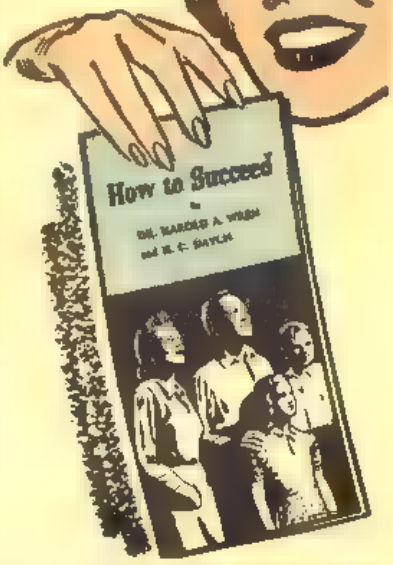

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☐ If you are under 17, check here for Booklet C

AMAZING OFFER

DO YOU NEED EXTRA MONEY?

$40.00 IS YOURS

for selling only 50 boxes of our 300 greeting card line. And this can be done in a single day. Free samples. Other boxes on approval. Mail coupon below today.

It costs you nothing to try.

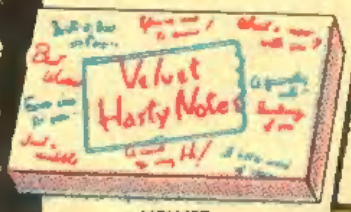
Last year some folks made $250—$500—$1,000 and more this very way. Church groups and organizations can do this, too. No experience necessary.

BEST WISHES ALL OCCASION ASSORTMENT
21 luxurious cards—including gold bronzing, dainty hand finishing, matching pastel envelopes

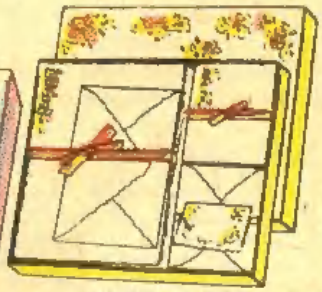
LOTS OF LAFFS HUMOROUS EVERYDAY ASSORTMENT
Novel animated cards—including original cut-outs, 3-dimensional pop-out features, bell attachments and 36" novelty card

DELUXE EVERYDAY GIFT WRAPPING ENSEMBLE
20 large multi-color 20" x 30" sheets in a fascinating variety of designs—plus matching seals and gift tags

TALL BEAUTIES ALL OCCASION ASSORTMENT
Unusual tall cards—all gold bronzed, beautifully embossed



VELVET HASTY NOTES
French folders with friendly messages on front in luminous rose and blue velvet



BLOSSOM TIME STATIONERY ENSEMBLE
Embossed floral design, with gold bronzing, dainty scalloped borders—ribbon-tied

Mail This Free Trial Coupon Today

COLONIAL STUDIOS, INC.
Dept. 32-A, White Plains, New York

Please rush free samples, other boxes on approval for FREE TRIAL and full details of your easy money-making plan.

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REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

FREE SAMPLES
PERSONALIZED STATIONERY

COLONIAL STUDIOS, INC., Dept. 32-A, White Plains, New York

$1000.00 WORTH OF MAGIC SECRETS
102 STARTLING TRICKS YOU CAN LEARN EASILY!

MAGIC

NEW YORK, N.Y.—Now, for the first time, the astonishing magician JACK BOXER, has agreed to expose many of the sensational tricks used by such world-famous magicians as THURSTON, HOUDINI, and DORNIE.

BOXER has prepared a fascinating book in which he shows how you can amaze and mystify your friends using coins, cards and mind-reading. No special apparatus is required!

This astonishing book reveals One Thousand Dollars worth of magic secrets explaining in simple terms 102 startling tricks! ALL OF THIS SELLS FOR ONLY ONE DOLLAR!

In addition Mr. BOXER offers three gifts as a bonus

1. THE MAGIC BOX Make coins vanish and reappear, and turn pennies into nickles or dimes.

2. WEDDING RING MYSTERY A solid ring passes through a string that is held by a member of your audience.

3. CHINESE RING ILLUSION All the equipment needed to make an object disappear and reappear before the very eyes of your audience.

BOXER WILL SEND THE BOOK AND THE THREE MAGIC TRICKS ALL FOR ONLY A SINGLE DOLLAR BILL.

ALL THREE OF THESE TRICKS WILL BE SENT **FREE** WITH THE BOOK WHEN YOU USE THE COUPON AT THE RIGHT!

JACK BOXER
1221 SENECA AVENUE
BRONX 59, NEW YORK

I ENCLOSE $1.
PLEASE **RUSH** ONE COPY OF THE BOOK **MAGIC** WITH ITS $1000.00 WORTH OF MAGICAL SECRETS... AND ALSO THE 3 FREE BONUS TRICKS

NAME _____
STREET _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

RESTORE YOUR CAR PERFORMANCE

CAR LOST IT'S PEP? BURNING OIL?

Amazing New Method Lets You Restore Car Performance In a Few Minutes. No Mechanic Needed—You Pay Nothing For Gadgets or Mechanical Repairs.

Cars over 3 years old that have gone over 25-30,000 miles are not what they used to be. Your car probably uses too much oil, lacks power, is hard to start, is slow on the pickup, uses too much gasoline. You've probably guessed the reason. The pistons just don't fit the cylinders like they used to—Friction has worn between the cylinder walls and pistons that the rings can no longer fully seal. When that happens your engine is leaking. You are losing compression and power each time a cylinder fires. Gas is leaking into the crankcase oil to undermine its lubricating powers, oil is passing up into the cylinders to be wastefully burned into performance killing carbon deposits.

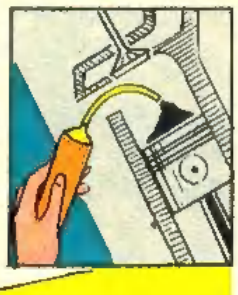
Regularly $4.45 *only* 2.98 Regular Size

SAVE UP TO $150

Now, if this is the situation you are in for an overhaul job costing somewhere between $50 and $150 UNLESS—

Yes, there is an alternative. You can fix that leaky engine in a few minutes, without taking the engine apart, without buying a single part or gadget, and at a cost so low you'll hardly notice it. You just squeeze a little PEPGO Ring Seal into each cylinder through the spark plug openings, replace the plugs and idle the engine and you are finished. What happens has led many motor experts to describe PEPGO as a true "Wonderworker!" "a great new revolutionary development."

PEPGO coats the cylinder walls, pistons and piston rings with a unique mineral suspension which has this truly amazing power. When subjected to the high heat of the engine this mineral expands up to 30 times its original volume to fill those gaps between the rings and cylinder walls with a pliable resilient and lubricating seal that holds compression, stops oil pumping, and gas blowing. Gone is piston slapping, engine knocks. Compression is restored and with it comes more pep and power, easier starting, better mileage and lower oil consumption.



WORN OUT ENGINES RUN LIKE NEW

TEST #1

A 1945 "Dodge" 6 cylinder truck had been driven over 100,000 miles without overhaul and was using over a quart of oil every 100 miles. Rated compression of engine when new was 110 lbs.

After one PEPGO RING SEAL treatment average cylinder compression now was raised over 40% from 76 to 107 lbs. Oil consumption was greatly reduced and gasoline mileage increased.

Compression Readings—1945 Dodge Truck

	Cylinder 1	Cylinder 2	Cylinder 3	Cylinder 4	Cylinder 5	Cylinder 6
Before	87 lbs.	75 lbs.	75 lbs.	60 lbs.	75 lbs.	85 lbs.
After	100 lbs.	110 lbs.	115 lbs.	95 lbs.	105 lbs.	118 lbs.

TEST #2

Engine Compression Completely Restored in 1948 Pontiac

A 1948 Pontiac "8" had been driven over 77,000 miles without an engine overhaul and was consuming a quart of oil every 200 to 300 miles. Rated compression for this engine when new was 120 lbs.

After one PEPGO RING SEAL Treatment average cylinder compression was increased from 107 lbs. to 120 lbs. or equal to factory standards when new. The car now exhibited exceptional pep and pick up, even on the mountains of Vermont and upstate New York. Oil consumption was more than cut in half. Gasoline mileage was increased more than 20%.

Compression Readings—1948 Pontiac

	Cylinder 1	Cylinder 2	Cylinder 3	Cylinder 4	Cylinder 5	Cylinder 6	Cylinder 7	Cylinder 8
Before	105 lbs.	95 lbs.	107 lbs.	120 lbs.	110 lbs.	115 lbs.	95 lbs.	123 lbs.
After	125 lbs.	120 lbs.	120 lbs.	125 lbs.	122 lbs.	120 lbs.	115 lbs.	116 lbs.

NOW ONLY 2.98

This is the testimony of the experts. Now read what just a few of the many, many satisfied users have said.

"PEPGO RING SEAL WORTH MANY TIMES THE PRICE."

"I cannot tell you how pleased I am with the results Pepgo Ring Seal has given in my 1947 Cadillac. Previous to treatment my car used one quart of oil every 350 miles. Now the car uses less than a quart of oil every thousand miles. I have also noticed a real increase in power and gas mileage since the treatment. I have now driven over 3000 miles since the Pepgo Ring Seal application and continue to get the same good results. Apart from the savings in oil and gas I found Pepgo Ring Seal worth many times the price because it restored the original power of my car. Please send me two new tubes of Pepgo Ring Seal for use in my 1930 Oldsmobile." C. S. R. Chestnut Hill, Pa.

"PEPGO RING SEAL HAS SAVED ME $145."

"I was ready to get rid of my 1941 Mercury when it began to use two quarts of oil every 100 miles and I discovered that a motor overhaul would cost me $145. After treatment with Pepgo Ring Seal I use only two quarts of oil in 1400 miles. Pepgo Ring Seal has saved me a $145 motor overhaul expense which I could not afford. The price of the tube has already been paid for several times over in oil and gas savings alone." E. R. Oxford Village, Pa.

(Full statements of above and many more, including service departments, mechanics, etc., available on request.)

GET UP TO 50% MORE POWER

No labor cost—nothing else to buy

YOU RISK NOTHING

Just prove it for yourself at our risk. PEPGO Ring Seal is guaranteed harmless. It cannot harm the finest car in any way. It can only improve and protect your motor. (Of course it will not correct mechanically defective parts.) Try PEPGO Ring Seal in your engine for a full 30 days. If you are not satisfied that everything we have led you to expect is absolutely true—just return the empty tube and we will refund the full purchase price.

30 DAY FREE TRIAL—SEND NO MONEY

You risk nothing. Just fill in the coupon below and we will rush your PEPGO RING SEAL kit together with full, clear, simple instructions anyone can easily follow by return mail. Just a few easy, pleasurable minutes later your car will begin to operate in a manner that will truly amaze you. Run your car after the PEPGO treatment for a full 30 days. If you are not completely delighted with the results, if your car doesn't run quieter, smoother, with more pep and pick up, less oil and gas consumption then just return the empty tubes for prompt refund of the full purchase price. We stand behind the product. We guarantee—fully satisfactory results, or your money back. 6 cylinder cars require one tube—only $2.98, 8 cylinder cars 2 tubes—only $4.98. This is a special offer. PEPGO sold before for $4.45 per tube. So rush coupon today.

MODERN MART, Dept. EC6, 400 MADISON AVE., N.Y. 17, N.Y.

Rush _____ tubes of Pepgo Ring Seal together with kit and easy instructions.

☐ 6 Cylinder cars (1 tube) $2.98 ☐ 8 Cylinder car (2 tubes) $4.98

☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman on delivery plus a few cents postage. If I do not see immediate improvement, if after even 30 days' use I am not completely satisfied that I have gotten improved Pep, pick up, performance and economy for my car, I may return the empty tubes for prompt refund of the full purchase price.

☐ I enclose payment. The Honor House Products Corp. will pay postage. Same Money Back Guarantee.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____